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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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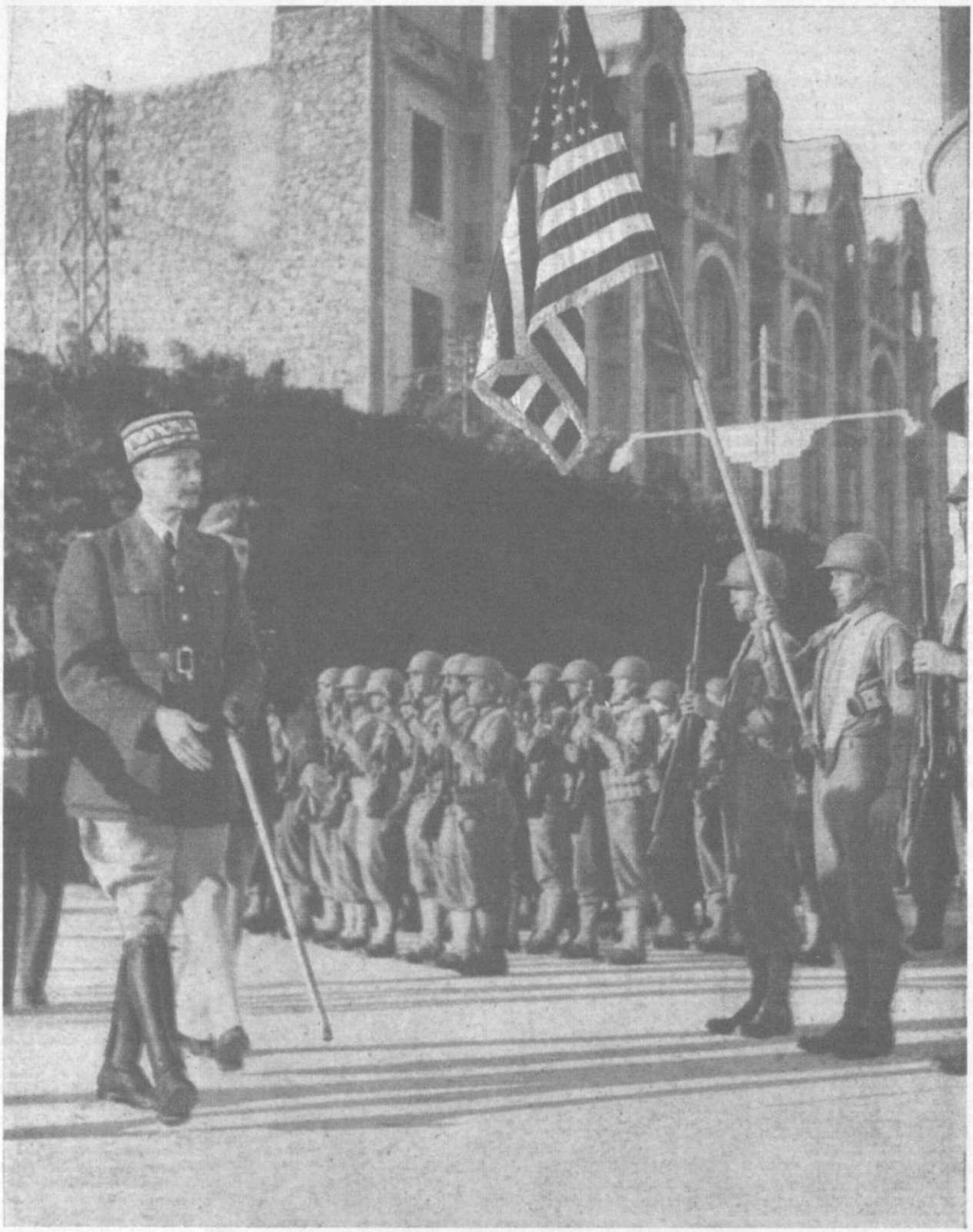


GENERAL GIRAUD was appointed High Commissioner for French North Africa after the assassination of Adm. Darlan on Christmas Eve, 1942. A renowned French military leader, he would have become generalissimo in the Battle of France, in succession to General Gamelin, had he not been taken prisoner in May 1940. This recent photograph shows him reviewing U.S. troops in N. Africa. An account of his dramatic career is given in page 486.

Photo, Planet News

NO. 147 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, **FEBRUARY** 5

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

At the beginning of 1942 it was generally expected that the year would see the major crisis of the war; but during the first nine months there was little to show that the crisis would be successfully passed. For the Empire the months had been marked by failure of hopes and by disasters the most shattering in its history. Russia, too, had received a terrible buffeting, and if still unbeaten it was difficult to believe that she possessed a reserve of offensive power. Anyone who had in September forecast that the end of the year would see the initiative passing to the Allies and both Germany and Japan on the defensive would have been scoffed at as an absurd optimist.

The defeat of Rommel in what he deemed to be an impregnable position brought relief and hope, but few could have expected that in a few weeks Russia would have won even more remarkable victories. It is true that last winter Russia had made a wonderful recovery, but that was because Hitler's rash challenge to the Russian winter presented Stalin with a fleeting opportunity which he was ready to seize. But the blow he struck was with light forces against an exhausted army already in retreat, and not a prearranged offensive delivered at a selected time and place. When it met strong, organized defences the blow had not sufficient weight behind it to overcome them. This winter, on the other hand, the offensive was fully prepared and admirably planned, and because it had of necessity to be delivered against fully organized positions, its achievements have been beyond all comparison greater than those of last year, and admit of further exploitation.

GENERAL GOLIKOV, brilliant Soviet commander, who played a great part in the Russian offensive of a year ago, now commands forces based on Voronezh on the Central front. He is 42. *Photo, Daily Express*

RUSSIA In my last article (see page 450) I wrote that there was no expectation of immediate sensational results on the Russian front. The Russians appeared to be engaged in strengthening and deepening their ring encircling the German 6th Army at Stalingrad, and in maintaining pressure on the Rzhev–Veliki Luki front in order to prevent transfer of German reserves to the Lower Don, where it seemed probable that the Germans might assemble at Kotelnikovo a force for the relief of the 6th Army. The Germans were aware that there was a Russian force east of the Middle Don below Voronezh, and it seemed probable that they had reserves disposed to meet the threat.

That picture did not allow for the full scope of the masterly plans Zhukov (who we now know is in direct control of the Russian operations) had laid, nor did it anticipate German mistakes. Sensational results have most certainly been achieved, which, moreover, have revealed that, despite its losses in the past year, the Red Army retains offensive power far exceeding all expectations. To underrate it was the fundamental German mistake.

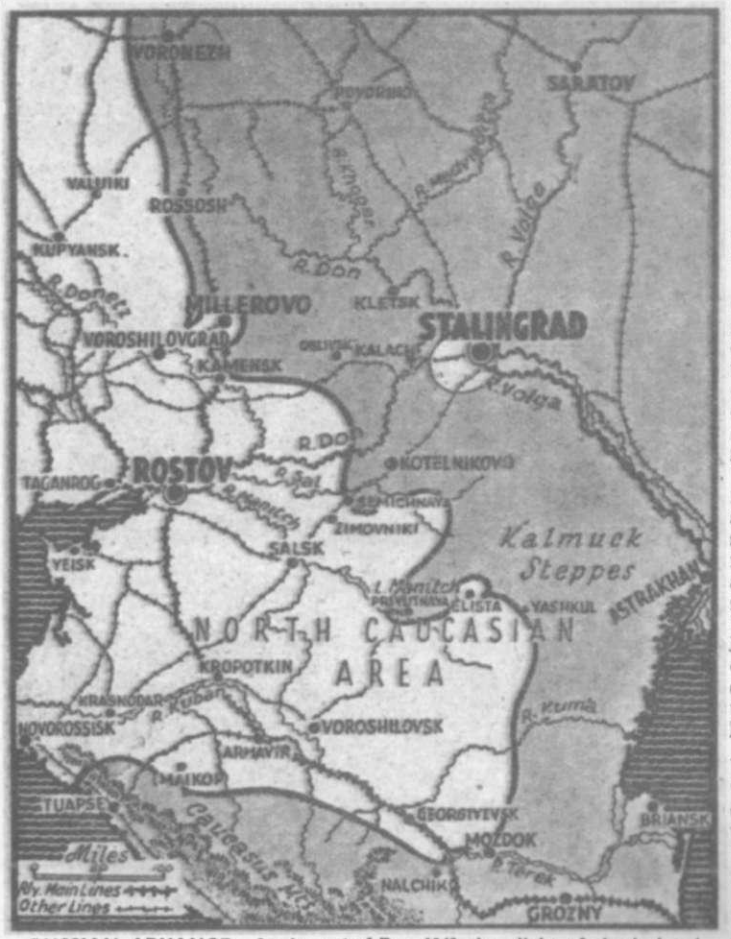
ZHUKOV'S plans have been described officially by Moscow in the stages of their development.

There was first the November two-pronged attack north-west and south-west of Stalingrad which encircled the 6th Army. Measures were then taken to consolidate the positions of the encircling ring against attacks from outside, involving especially an advance towards Kotelnikovo from which relief attacks were expected.

It was at this stage the Germans seem to have made two fatal mistakes, possibly unavoidable. They made a rescue attempt before they had assembled an adequate force, and they delayed dispatch of reinforcements to the Middle Don front.

When by early December they had assembled at Kotelnikovo a striking force of three Panzer and three motorized infantry divisions, they launched an attempt on December 12 to break through to the 6th Army. The force constituted, of course, a very powerful spearhead, and it drove deeply into the Russian positions. But the spearhead lacked a shaft—an infantry force to hold the sides of the corridor which the spearhead was attempting to form. The Russians counter-attacked, enveloping the flanks of the thrust; and after some days of hard and critical fighting the Germans were in full retreat, having suffered great losses. In three days they lost all the ground they had gained in twelve; and with the Russians in pursuit they were unable even to retain their hold on Kotelnikovo. Kotelnikovo was captured on Dec. 29 with great quantities of booty, and not till they were well west of the town could the retreating enemy make a stand.

Meanwhile, the Germans had made their other fatal mistake. They had seen the threat on the Middle Don growing, and had set in motion formations to strengthen the line, held there mainly by Italian troops. But before the reinforcements arrived the storm broke. Possibly it was thought the ice was not yet solid enough to carry heavy traffic across the Don, or the weight and speed of the assault were unexpected.



RUSSIAN ADVANCE. At the end of Dec. 1942 the plight of the isolated German forces before Stalingrad became desperate. The Red Army continued to advance in the mid-Don area, and in N. Caucasus the recapture of Mozdok on Jan. 3, 1943, and of Nalchik on Jan. 4 were major victories. Shaded portions of this map show Russian-held territory at the beginning of January.
By courtesy of The Evening Standard

UNDER a terrific artillery bombardment the Russian infantry carried the meticulously-prepared defences, and mechanized columns penetrated rear positions, leaving isolated centres of resistance to be mopped up in turn. The speed of the Russian advance in spite of snow was amazingly well maintained, and the breakthrough was complete over a wide front. The Voronezh–Rostov railway—the supply line for the whole Middle Don front—was overrun, and depots of supplies of all sorts, well-stocked for the winter, were captured.

The Nazi retreat became a rout, which the reinforcing divisions coming up could not check. Some of the towns on the railway, prepared as centres of resistance, were rushed at once, others held out for some days; but it was not until the important railway junction of Millerovo was reached that the Russian progress was checked and German resistance was stiffened by the arrival of further reserves. Millerovo, though almost surrounded, could not be rushed; but farther south the Russian Middle Don army joined hands with the army north-west of Stalingrad, mopping up the enemy still holding positions in the Don loop and on the railway leading to Stalingrad.

IT was an amazing feat in a snow-covered country and without railway communications for the Russians to maintain the impetus of their offensive for over one hundred miles, but the pace was bound to slacken and a pause was necessary to bring up supplies and to deal with centres of resistance which had been by-passed. Moreover, the network of railways within the Donetz basin enabled the

RUSSIAN TANKS, supported by artillery, are shown rolling forward to victory on the Central front. This photograph was taken shortly before the Soviet forces succeeded in dislodging an important enemy-held position in the Veliki Luki area, and subsequently wiped out an entire German infantry battalion. It was announced on Jan. 1, 1943 that Veliki Luki itself had been recaptured by the Soviet troops as a result of this decisive attack.
Photo, U.S.S.R. Official

Germans to rush up reserves. Millerovo, as I write, is holding out, and German resistance east of Donetz is stiffening.

The immediate German aim must obviously be to hold the line of the Donetz covering the approaches to Rostov and to the centres in the Donetz basin such as Voroshilovgrad and the important railway junction at Likhaya. Four railways cross the Donetz on a front of one hundred miles, which may enable the Nazis to maintain strong forces east of the river ; and if Millerovo holds out it will tend to break up the continuity of the advancing Russian wave. It would be premature, therefore, to assume that the Russians have immediate prospects of reaching Rostov or the Donetz basin.

But Zhukov had still further plans. Following the example of Foch in 1918, when a thrust in one direction seemed temporarily to have exhausted its impetus, he struck at a new point. By an astonishingly swift advance southwards and westwards he overran the comparatively weak German forces in the Ergeni hills and Kalmuck Steppes bypassing the town of Elista, which the Germans were compelled to evacuate hurriedly. This movement, still in progress, seriously threatens the communications of the Germans in the Terek valley, who, at the same time, are being counter-attacked by the Russians who have for so long successfully opposed them. It is not surprising that under this double threat the Germans have withdrawn from Mozdok and Nalchik, abandoning their winter shelter and all hopes of capturing the Grosny oilfields.

The net results of these offensives have been disastrous to the Germans. They have lost over 300,000 effectives killed or prisoners, and immense quantities of material. Their 6th Army in front of Stalingrad is in a desperate position, and the fact that it made no attempt at a sortie to join hands with the relief force from Kotelnikovo proves how completely it is immobilized and without hope of cutting its way out of the net. The steady and increasing pressure which is being applied to it seems to indicate moves preparatory to dealing it a death-blow.

What can the Germans do to retrieve the situation ? A merely defensive attitude would almost certainly mean the acceptance of the inevitability of further disasters. Yet they have already learnt that a premature and inadequate counter-stroke only adds to their losses. If they have reserves available their position on the Donetz does, however, appear to afford an opportunity of concentrating a powerful offensive force ; and the Russians opposing them, without railway communications, may have difficulties when snow deepens. I feel sure that the Germans would wish to postpone counter-offensive operations to the spring, trusting to the ability of isolated hedgehog centres to survive attack ; but the fall of Veliki Luki (claimed by the Russians on Jan. 1, 1943) may have shown them that hedgehog centres are not invulnerable to the forces and weapons Russia can now bring against them. They may feel compelled, therefore, to attempt a counter-offensive unprepared as they probably are for mobile winter operations.

The capture of Veliki Luki, apart from the evidence it gives of the vulnerability of hedgehog centres, is of great importance. It exposes the Leningrad - Kiev railway, the chief German line of lateral communications, to immediate attack at Sokolniki, where it is joined by the line from Riga ; and it of course liberates strong Russian forces and heavy weapons for further action.

Warned by the fate of Veliki Luki, the Germans, it seems possible, may attempt to withdraw their garrison from Rzhev even though that would open railway communication from Moscow to Veliki Luki and give the Russians a much needed supply line. If it can maintain its supplies during the winter the Russian central offensive may yet achieve successes comparable to those in the south.

NORTH AFRICA

In Tunis operations are still confined to the activities of covering troops and to air attacks on the enemy's bases and communications. Weather conditions have delayed the development of major operations.

In Tripoli the 8th Army has advanced steadily and has passed the Wadi el Kebir, encountering only mines and light rearguard opposition. The enemy, however, seems to intend to hold the Wadi Zemzem strongly, and General Montgomery is not likely to attack the position seriously until his army is closed up and his communications are well established.

Rommel has been reinforced, but it is still uncertain whether he means to fight a decisive action or merely to delay the advance of the 8th Army as long as possible. It is a situation in which Montgomery is bound to exercise caution.

FAR EAST

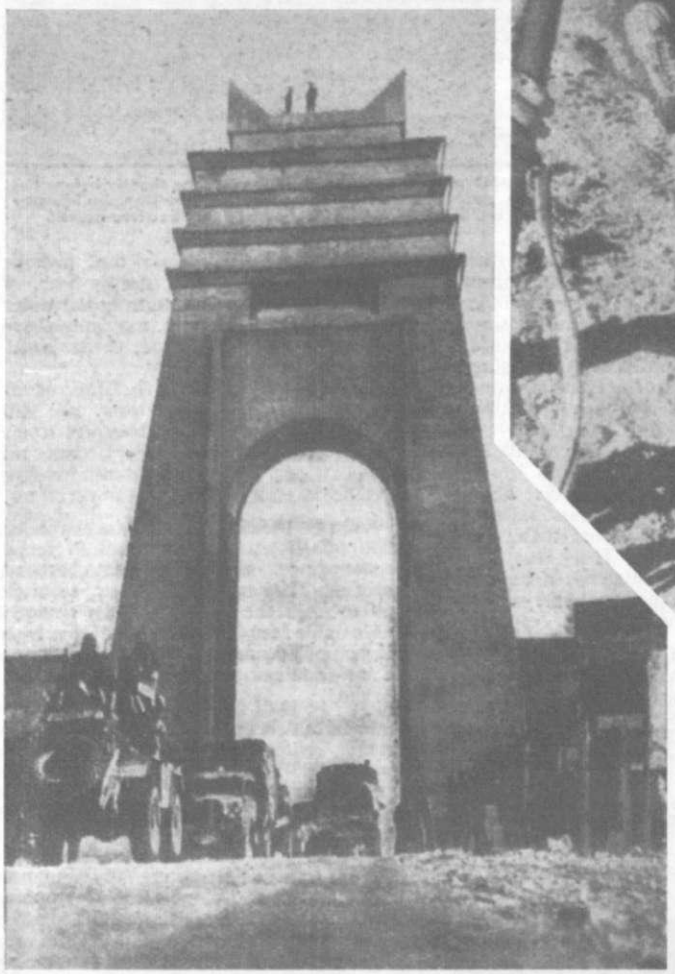
Attrition of Japanese air power and shipping resources proceeds steadily, and the isolated detachments in Guadalcanal and at Buna are fighting fanatically in a hopeless situation. There is no indication, however, that, either in Burma or elsewhere, the Allies are ready to undertake major offensive operations.

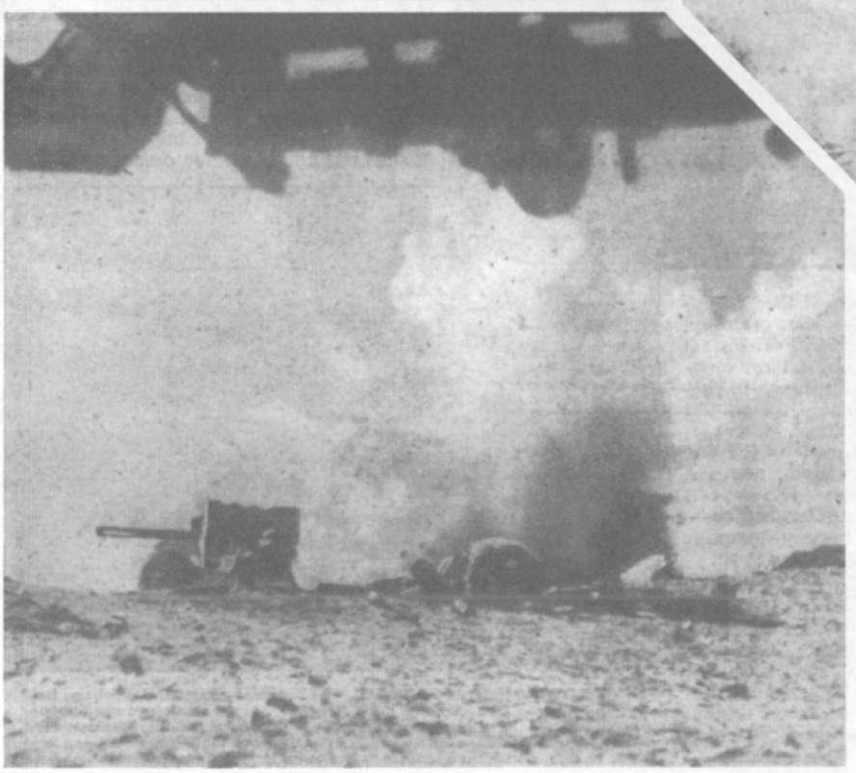
The advance towards Akyab in Burma is probably intended merely to deprive the Japanese of a base conveniently situated for harassing air attacks on India, and to secure an advanced air base for ourselves.

ON THE N. AFRICAN FRONT. Axis forces evacuated Nofilia, halfway to Sirte, on Dec. 18, 1942. A British 8th Army vehicle is seen (upper photo) approaching a signboard in the centre of the town. Below, First Army guardsmen seen during fierce fighting last December on Long Stop Hill, N.N.E. of Mejez-el-Bab. *Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright.*

Through Tripolitania the Enemy's Flight Continues

"MARBLE ARCH" (below), through which a convoy of 8th Army transport units is seen advancing, is situated on the coastal road about halfway between El Agheila and Nofilia. It was built by the Italians in the days when they dreamed of emulating the ancient empire of Rome. Right, the shadow of an Allied sentry with fixed bayonet falls across these exhausted Axis prisoners in the Western Desert.



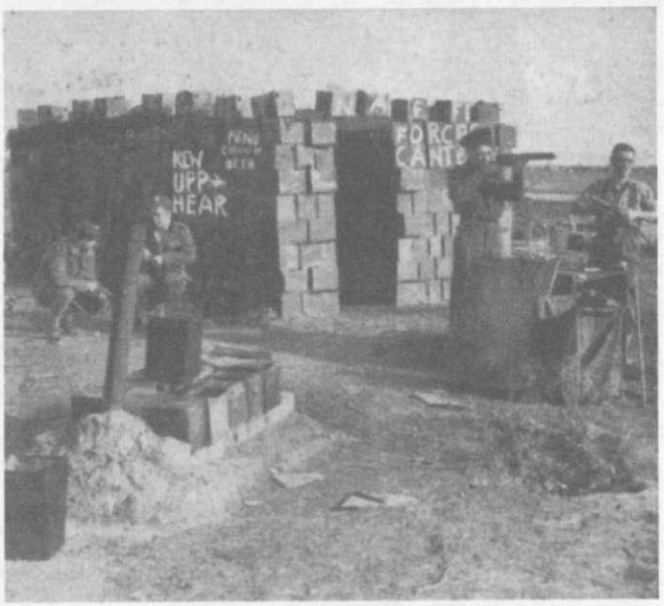


ENEMY REARGUARD STANDS in Libya, devised to facilitate the escape of Rommel's main forces, were swiftly dealt with by the Allied troops. Left, the British crew of a 6-pounder anti-tank gun flatten themselves upon the sand during enemy counter-fire. Above, an Eighth Army observation-post under shellfire near El Agheila.

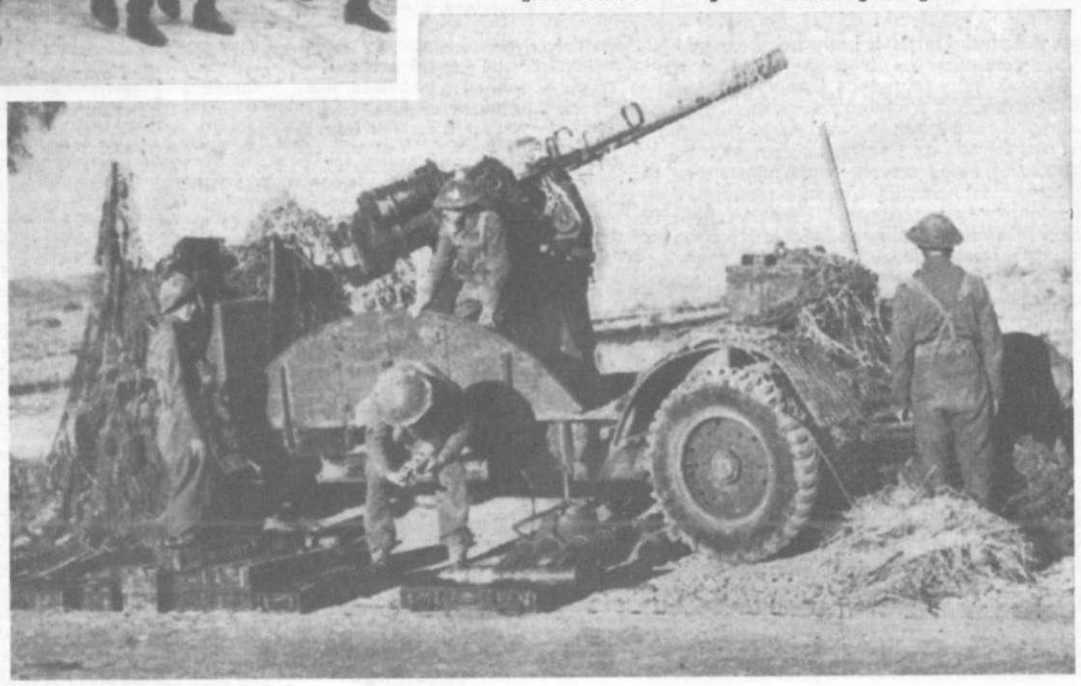
 British Official Photos by Middle East Radio

Battle Is Joined Between Anderson & Nehring

ADVANCING ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT, men of the First Army, supported by American light tanks of M3 type, move across the countryside in open order to attack enemy forward positions.



AT AN R.A.F. STATION in Northern Tunisia, a canteen has been improvised out of a dump of petrol tins. We may imagine that the men needed no urging to "kew upp" for "English Beer." R.A.F. ground staff on the right are examining Sten guns.



IN TUNISIA fighting was mainly concentrated in the Jedeida, Tebourba and Mejez-el-Bab areas during the closing weeks of 1942. By Jan. 1, 1943 our most advanced forces were reported to be some 60 miles from Tunis. The rainy season, which continues until February, rendered the ground unsuitable for tank operations in the north, and during November French troops made considerable progress against immobilized Axis forces. Above, Axis prisoners, captured during the First Army's offensive, are being marched through the docks at Algiers, preparatory to embarkation. Right, gunners of the First Army guard the approaches to Mejez-el-Bab. They have converted their A.A. gun for use as a field gun.

Photos, British Official; Keystone

General Giraud Writes Another Page of History

Of all the great personalities thrown up by the War there is none perhaps who has had a more dramatic career than the 63-year-old French general who succeeded Admiral Darlan in his present authority in North Africa. Below we give the high-lights of a story that is still far from told.

CHRISTMAS EVE in Algiers. A few minutes after 3 p.m. Admiral Darlan, High Commissioner of French North Africa, drove up to his office in the Summer Palace, passed between the Spahis guarding the entrance, and began to walk along the corridor to his room. Then a door opened. A young man stepped out—a young man with a pistol. There were shots, and in a few seconds the Admiral lay mortally wounded. He died half an hour later as the car to which he had been carried entered the hospital gates.

Saved with difficulty from the Spahis' swords, the assassin was rushed away for interrogation. The next day he was tried by a French court-martial and condemned to be shot; at dawn on December 26, 1942 the sentence was carried out. A few hours later Admiral Darlan's body was borne with stately ceremony to the grave. Before the day was out the Imperial Council, appointed by the Admiral a few weeks earlier to exercise authority in French North Africa, elected General Giraud as Darlan's successor. The choice was well received. Particularly significant was General de Gaulle's reference to Giraud as "the renowned French military leader" who, had he not been taken prisoner by the Germans during the Battle of France, would have been appointed Generalissimo in Gamelin's place.

GENERAL GIRAUD, appointed French High Commissioner in N. Africa on Dec. 26, 1942, in succession to Adm. Darlan, was captured by the Germans in France in May 1940. This photo, reproduced from the Nazi-controlled paper La Semaine, shows him as a prisoner (left) at Koenigstein Castle, in Saxony, before his dramatic escape to Switzerland in April last year.

WHO is this Giraud? Certainly he is no newcomer to the headlines. All the world knows him as the man whom no German prison has been able to hold. First, however, let us note some of the details of his long and brilliant career in the French army.

Henri Honoré Giraud comes of old bourgeois stock. Born in Paris in 1879, he entered the French military college of St. Cyr when he was nineteen, and in 1900 received his commission as a Sous-Lieutenant in the 4th regiment of Zouaves. So began his connexion with North Africa. He saw garrison duty at Bizerta and Tunis, but after seven years he returned to France and graduated as a Staff officer at the Ecole de Guerre. But in 1913 he was back in Africa as a captain of Zouaves, and soon after the outbreak of war in 1914 he was in action on the Belgian frontier.

At the battle of Charleroi Giraud was wounded as he led his men in a bayonet charge and was left on the field as dead. But during the night he was picked up by a German ambulance and taken away to hospital behind the enemy lines. As soon as he could get about, he and Captain Schmitt, a fellow prisoner, made an attempt to escape. They were captured, but on November 15, 1914, they escaped again and reached St. Quentin, where they were harboured by the mayor and by a pork butcher who kept an hotel. Giraud was for some time a stable lad and after that employed by a coal merchant, while Schmitt was a washer-up in a restaurant and then a butcher's assistant. But things got too hot for them at St. Quentin, and the two, aided again by many friends at the risk of their lives, got a job in a travelling circus which took them as far as Brussels. Giraud was the conjurer.

One day a man addressed him: "Should I say mon Lieutenant or mon Capitaine?" "I know you—you are a deserter from the Legion," Giraud flashed back. "You will not leave my side or I'll blow your brains out." "Yes," the man confessed, "I am a Legionary, but at the moment I am helping Englishmen and Frenchmen to escape. First of all let me take you to a doctor." Giraud, whose wounds had not properly healed, was for a week under the care of a practitioner who introduced him to Nurse Edith Cavell. She confided him to the care of the Jaunart family, who arranged his passage and that of Schmitt into Holland. All went well for Giraud, but his companion was hit by a rifle shot and torn on the barbed wire. Giraud picked him up and carried him. Eventually they arrived at Flushing, whence they were sent to England.

February 1915 found Giraud once more in France; he was decorated by Joffre, and placed on the staff of the 5th Army. But in 1917 he rejoined his 4th Zouaves, and again distinguished himself in action; then until the end of the War he was Chief of Staff to General Daugan of the Moroccan Division. After the armistice he saw service in Constantinople and the Rhineland, but in 1922 Marshal Lyautey called him to Morocco, where he joined the great empire-builder's staff. During the terrible Rifi campaign he was Lieut.-Colonel of the 14th Regiment of Tirailleurs. He fought in six battles and, according to his seventh mention in dispatches, "gave repeated proofs of his energy, his ardour in action, and a personal bravery beyond all praise." In 1936 General Giraud was appointed Governor of Metz, and in 1939 he was given a seat on the French Supreme War Council.

AT the outbreak of war in 1939 he received the command of the French 7th Army; but when General Corap's 9th Army was swept away at Sedan in May 1940 General Georges chose Giraud to replace Corap. To quote from the citation of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour that Pétain gave him, he "galvanized the troops by his presence among them, utterly ignoring the constant bombardments. He drove through the enemy lines, personally organizing the creation of strong points. He imparted to all his fiery energy and succeeded in stemming for several days the German armoured advance, inflicting severe losses. He was taken prisoner while still commanding the last centre of his army's resistance."

For two years he was a captive. Then on April 25, 1942 the German radio announced that General Henri Giraud had escaped from the fortress at Koenigstein in Saxony; a reward of a hundred thousand marks was offered for his capture. Three days later it was reported from Switzerland that the General had entered that country under an assumed name on April 21 and left on April 25. On May 4 Vichy made the surprising announcement that Giraud was in Unoccupied France, that he had attended Franco-German talks at Moulins, on the frontier of the Occupied and Unoccupied zones, on May 2, and had since returned to Vichy from Lyons. It was made clear that he was wholly free, and had not been confined or handed over to the Germans. Giraud apparently remained in Unoccupied France until November. He was not inactive, however, and must soon have been in touch with the Allies. How otherwise can we account for the next chapter in his story?

For several nights in early November (says Reuter) a British submarine, under the command of Lieut. L. A. Jewell, with whom was an American officer, Captain Jerauld Wright, lay off the French Riviera coast, coming to the surface only at night.

On November 4 orders were received to proceed, submerged at 60 ft., into a certain harbour. As the periscope broke surface a lamp on the shore was observed signalling "Wait one hour." After a second message had been received a rowing-boat was seen approaching, and the watchers in the submarine were able to identify General Giraud, his son, and other officers. General Giraud was about to step on to the slippery deck of the submarine when a wave caught the small boat. He lost his balance and fell into the water, but almost immediately was rescued by members of the submarine crew. The submarine then submerged and made for the open Mediterranean.

Next morning it made contact with a flying-boat according to plan. General Giraud and his companions then transferred to the waiting aircraft, and a few hours before the Allied expeditionary force landed he was with General Eisenhower, the Allied Commander-in-Chief.

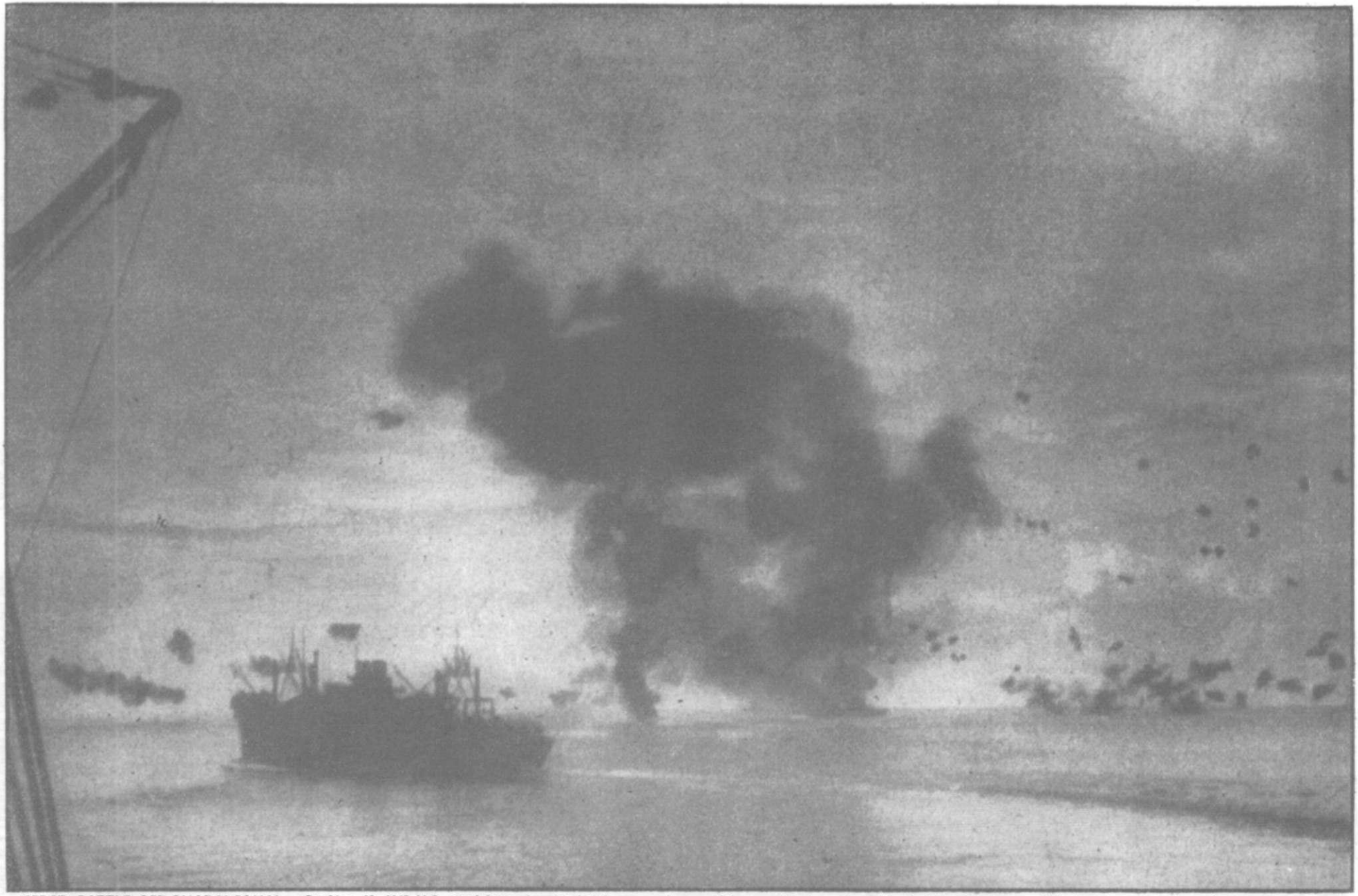
On November 8 the Anglo-Americans landed in North Africa, and during the morning General Giraud, describing himself as Commander-in-Chief of the French Forces in North Africa, broadcast from Radio Algiers an appeal for cooperation with the Allies.

Six weeks later fate gave another twist to his fortunes when his colleagues of the Imperial Council in Algiers elected him to the place made vacant by an assassin's bullet.

French Troops Fight Beside the Allies in Tunisia

SOLDIERS OF GEN. GIRAUD'S ARMY have been fighting side by side with the Anglo-American forces from the opening of the campaign in November 1942. Top, in the foreground, French soldiers are manning a machine-gun while their British allies are ready for action at their Bofors. Centre right, a British lorry crosses a bridge which is guarded by the French. Below, a train of pack-mules loaded with equipment passes through the ruins of a Tunisian village en route for the front line.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone



FIERCE BATTLE OFF GUADALCANAL. On Nov. 12, 1942 U.S. naval forces bombarded Japanese shore positions on this important island of the Solomons, and during these operations the enemy lost 30 out of 31 aircraft sent to attack the American ships. This photo shows a Jap plane plunging to destruction after it had dropped a bomb near the U.S. cruiser San Francisco (centre) and had been shot down by intensive A.A. fire. It was shortly after this engagement that the San Francisco was slightly damaged and 30 men killed, as the result of a disabled enemy plane crashing on her. It was later announced that among those killed were Rear-Adm. D. J. Callaghan (flying his flag in this ship) and Capt. C. Young, the San Francisco's commander. (See illus. p. 393.) In the foreground is a U.S. cargo transport. *Photo, Associated Press*

THE WAR AT SEA

by **Francis E. McMurtrie**

EVEN on the basis of their own communiqué, the German attack on a convoy bound for North Russia on the last day of the old year seems clearly to have been a failure. In view of the present military situation on the Eastern Front, the enemy must be desperately anxious to stop further supplies reaching the Soviet forces, but their efforts were evidently abortive.

The Admiralty announcement on the subject stated that a German destroyer was sunk and a cruiser damaged. The enemy admit the loss of the former ship, and on the other hand claim to have accounted for a British destroyer, which sounds like a mere counter-blast for propaganda purposes. Otherwise, the only claims made are of damage by gunfire to our escorting cruisers and destroyers, and torpedo hits by a U-boat on four ships of the convoy. As it is added that weather conditions precluded observation of results, these claims amount to very little.

AT this time of year the hours of daylight in the region of Bear Island, where the encounter took place, are very few; and in addition the weather seems to have been so bad that visibility during those hours must have been intermittent. Aircraft were prevented from operating, which must have handicapped the enemy attack considerably.

Although the Germans have for months past maintained a strong naval force in Norwegian waters, comprising all their available heavy ships, our convoys have continued to get through to Russia in spite of efforts to intercept them. Losses have sometimes been incurred, but the average deliveries of war material have been important, and must have contributed not a little to recent Soviet successes.

Battleships in the Pacific

As the result of the completion of the remaining four ships of the 35,000-ton Washington class, the United States Navy is now much stronger than it was before the Pearl Harbour disaster. Of the five battleships sunk or put out of action on December 7, 1941, three have been refitted and are again in service. Only in aircraft-carriers is there a temporary shortage, but as Japan has suffered still more severe losses in this category, here also the balance remains on the right side. It is true that six cruisers have been sunk, yet Japan has lost a greater number; and several new American cruisers have been commissioned, and more are due for delivery shortly.

REPORTS of Japanese battleships of 40,000 to 45,000 tons being on the point of completion continue to appear with suspicious regularity. Up to now there has been no evidence that any such ships have been put into service, and it is likely that their construction has been delayed. On the other hand, two or three vessels of an improved "pocket battleship" type are believed to have been added to the Japanese fleet. Their names are somewhat uncertain, but may include Takamatu and Titibu, previously assigned by rumour to two of the big new battleships mentioned above.

As time goes on, Japanese losses in cruisers and destroyers must have a serious effect on the balance of types composing the fleet, since it is hardly possible for battleships to operate successfully without a due proportion of cruisers and destroyers.

The Italian Navy is likely soon to be in a similar position. This all goes to show the futility of treating capital ships as a sort of hidden reserve, not to be risked until the last. Had we been as cautious with our battleships, we might not have lost the Barham, Prince of Wales, or Repulse—but we might very well have ended by losing the war.

German Raider Sunk

For reasons which are not entirely clear, the German propaganda department have issued a somewhat highly-coloured account of the sinking of the armed raider Atlantis by H.M.S. Devonshire in the South Atlantic on November 22, 1941. In announcing the destruction of this ocean pest, the Admiralty described how, when first sighted, the Atlantis was stopped, with a boat lying off containing oil drums. There is no doubt she was engaged in re-fuelling a U-boat, the presence of which was later established.

After the Atlantis had been set on fire, the crew took to their boats. Later her magazine blew up, and she sank. In view of the nearness of an enemy submarine, no attempt was made to pick up survivors. According to the German account, the boats were taken in tow by the submarine and those in them were transferred by degrees to other U-boats, so that most of them got back to Germany. Several Nazi ocean raiders have been intercepted from time to time. As a rule, their victims have been few, as they cannot afford to remain on a trade route for any length of time without grave risk of being caught. They are not to be confused with blockade runners, endeavouring to get through to Germany with selected cargoes of rubber and other products of which the enemy is in great need. Three such cargoes have been stopped by the Royal Navy in recent weeks, one in the Indian Ocean and two in the Atlantic.

Though very little is heard of its activities, the presence in the Indian Ocean of a strong Eastern Fleet under the command of Admiral Sir James Somerville has had a deterrent effect on the enterprise of the Japanese Navy. Since April last Japanese warships have scarcely been heard of in the area outside the Strait of Malacca, though there is believed to be a fleet of some size based on Singapore.

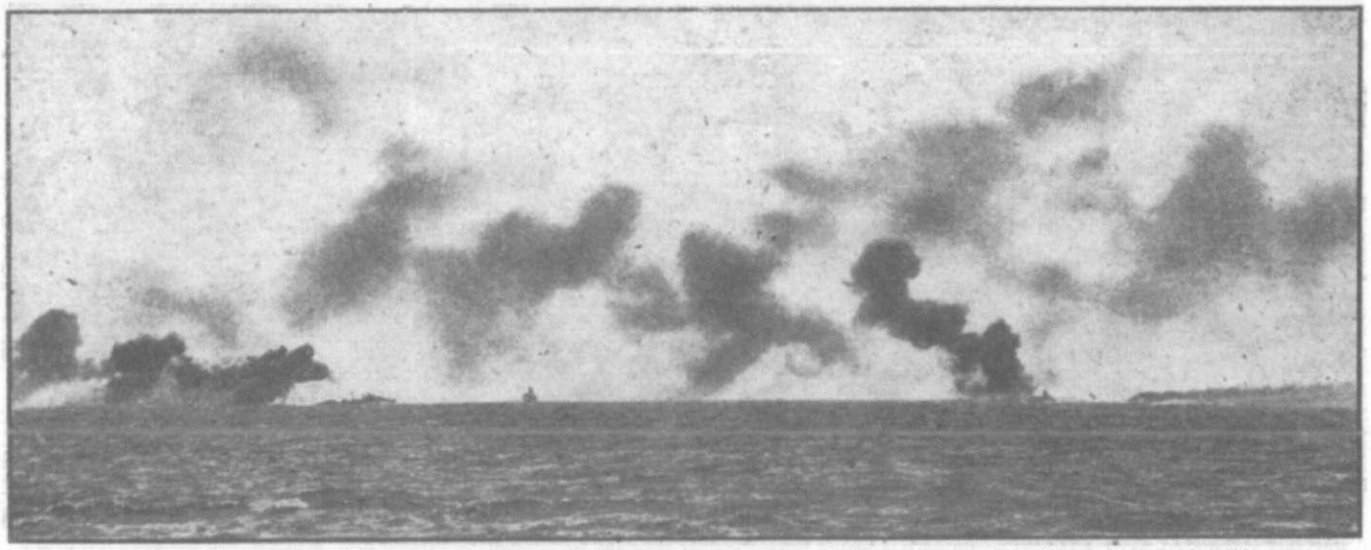
Royal Navy in the East

It seems probable that the port of Sabang, at the northern extremity of the island of Sumatra, is being used by the enemy as a minor naval base. On the night of December 20-21, a British naval force operating in the Bay of Bengal carried out a heavy air attack on this place, causing damage to various objects of military importance. Large explosions, followed by fires, were observed.

As a matter of historical interest, it may be observed that during the hard-fought struggle for command of the Indian seas in 1782-83 the French Admiral Suffren made use of this same locality—the northern end of Sumatra—as a winter base before renewing his battles with Admiral Sir Edward Hughes.

Undoubtedly the greatest task which confronts the United Nations in 1943 is the defeat of the U-boat menace. Though shipping losses are less than they were, the leeway in merchant tonnage has not yet been made up, and the numbers of the enemy submarines continue to increase. It is true that it is hardly possible for trained crews to be provided in equal degree, but even so the danger of our operations in North Africa being hampered by U-boat depredations is too serious to neglect.

IT is essential therefore that no pains should be spared to hunt to death every enemy submarine that is detected. For this purpose it is understood that priority is now being given to all the material which the Royal Navy requires to amplify its anti-submarine measures. This presumably is one of the results at which Field-Marshal Smuts was aiming in his warning words on the U-boat menace last year.



BRITAIN'S EASTERN FLEET. A warship is seen steaming through a heavy smoke-screen during manoeuvres. Such practices are of vital importance for the successful prosecution of naval actions, such as that of Dec. 20, 1942, when aircraft-carriers comprising part of a British force made an intensive attack on the Japanese at Sabang, on Sumatra. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Wounded from Libya Are Her Passengers Now

BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP ATLANTIS—formerly a luxury liner—recently returned home from the Middle East with sick and wounded men from the 8th and other armies. 1, Sister Christina Hobbs in the life-saving jacket and steel helmet provided for use in case of emergency. 2, The Atlantis homeward bound. 3, A corner of a surgical ward aboard the ship. 4, U.S. ambulance men help to disembark casualties. 5, Miss M. F. Northrope, R.R.C., the ship's matron, says good-bye to some of her charges.

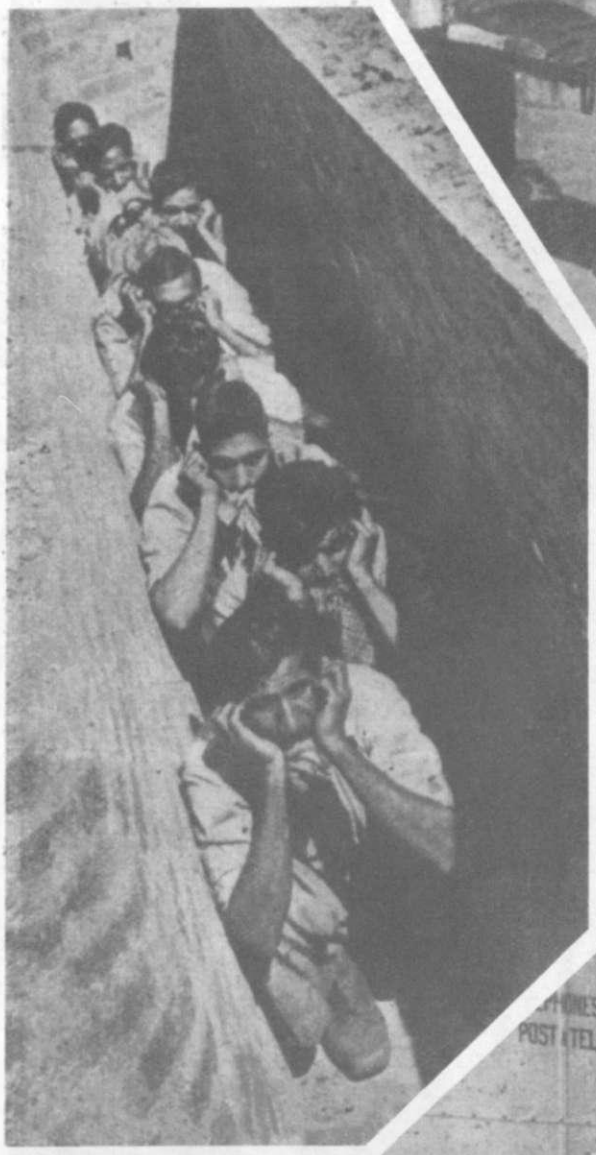
Photos, Central Press

Inside Germany in the War's Fourth Year

OUTSIDE A BERLIN FACTORY (1) offers of employment to girls and women witness to Germany's increasing labour shortage. 2, Ploughing a lawn in the Gendarmenmarkt, the centre of Berlin. 3, According to the German caption, these men are armament workers training with an A.A. gun. 4, "I work my fingers to the bone to save my nation:" Hitler addresses his old party members in Munich on Nov. 8, 1942. Pudgy and dishevelled, this is a very different Fuehrer from the sleek boaster of years gone by. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Pictorial Press, Keystone, Associated Press*

Calcutta's Civil Defence Meets the Challenge

INDIAN A.R.P. WORKERS in India's large cities are fully organized and ready to meet any emergency. Right, Parsee women stretcher-bearers take part in a demonstration at the Cusrow Baug Training School at Bombay. Their steel helmets strike a stern if somewhat incongruous note in contrast to their picturesque dresses. Industrial workers are being taught to adopt air-raid technique. Crouching in a trench they stuff pieces of cloth into their mouths and plug their ears to minimize the shock of explosions. India's great commercial centre —Calcutta—had its first raid on Dec. 20, 1942, and the A.R.P. organization in that city then had a taste of the "real thing."



JAPANESE AIR RAIDS ON INDIA date from the attack on Vizagapatam in April and on Chittagong in May of last year. Throughout the greater part of 1942, however, the enemy confined their bombing to other theatres of war. All the same, India's preparations to meet savage raids were steadily organized in the most vulnerable parts of the country.

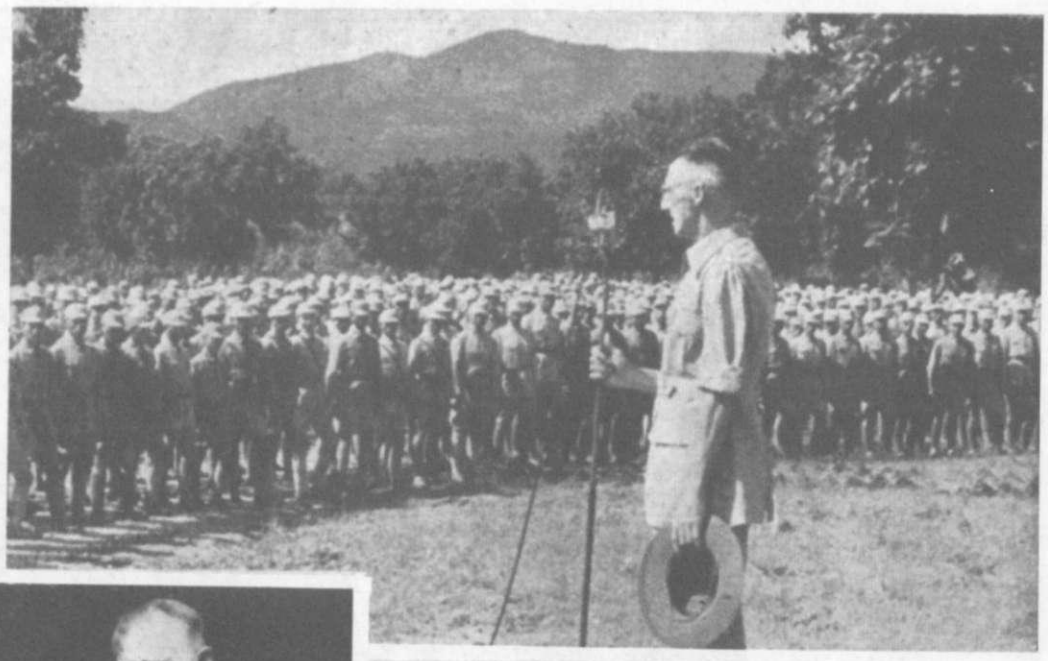
With the destruction of Chinese cities as a warning, Indians took intensive courses of A.R.P. training, and prepared to defend their own cities from bombing attacks with the utmost speed. Centre right, a rescue worker demonstrates how to remove a casualty from a blazing building during a realistic test at an A.R.P. training-centre. Right, sirens are set in action from the control-room. A test siren has just been sounded and this official is seen sending out urgent messages. *Photos, India Official*

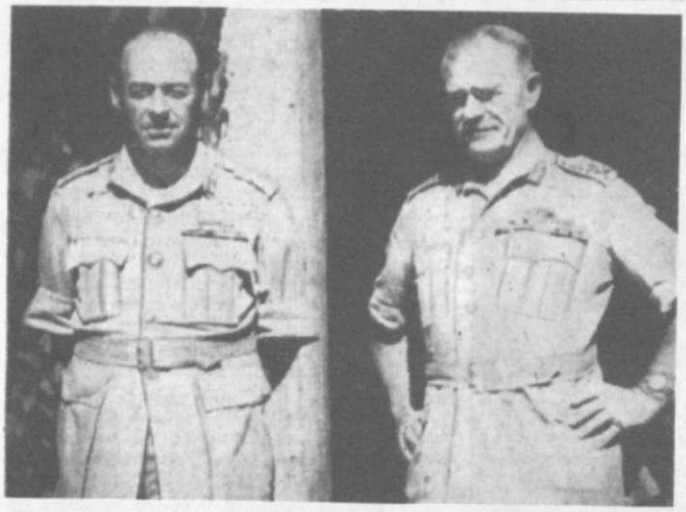
Wavell Assumes the Offensive in Burma

ADVANCING INTO BURMA from Assam, Allied forces, it was announced on Dec. 19, 1942, were pushing steadily forward into the interior. By Dec. 29 a British force had penetrated into the Chindwin valley, about 50 miles N.E. of Arakan—scene of the memorable fighting withdrawal by our troops in May last year. This advance had been preceded by heavy bombing raids on Japanese bases in Burma.

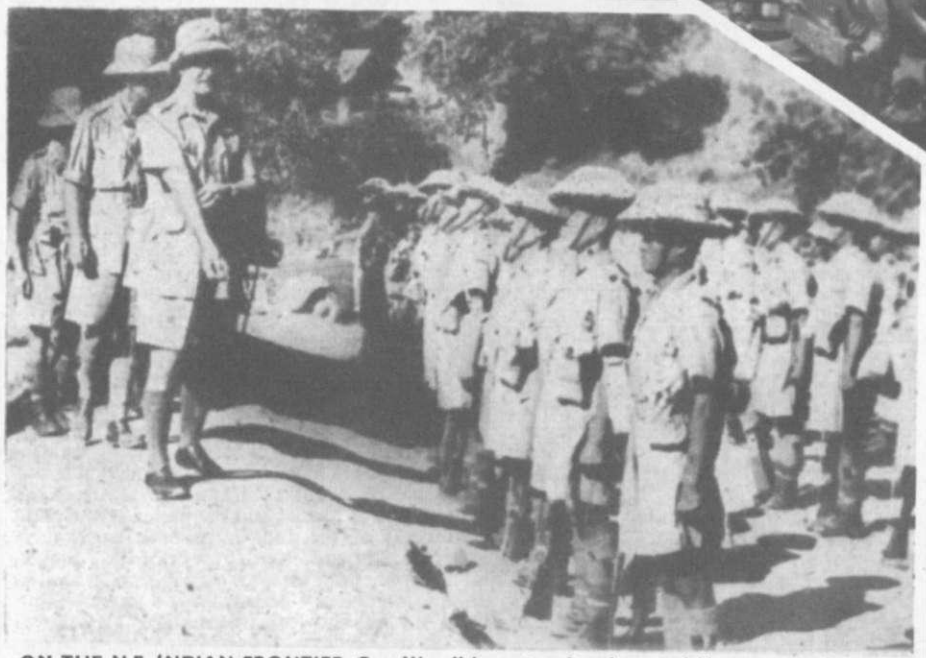
Lt.-Gen. J. W. Stilwell (right), U.S. Commander of Chinese forces in Burma, addresses part of the Chinese army he has helped to build up in India. Known as "Uncle Joe," Gen. Stilwell, who was former Chief of Staff to Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, speaks Chinese fluently.

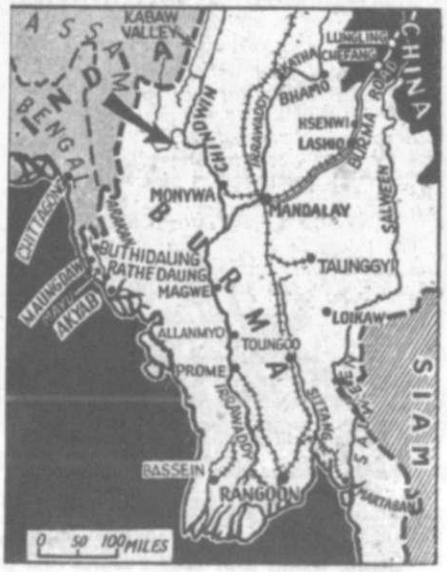
Gen. Wavell, C.-in-C. India (promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal in the New Year Honours, 1943), is seen below with Lt.-Gen. N. M. S. Irwin, Commander of India's Eastern Army. This photograph was taken during Gen. Wavell's visit to our forward positions on the Indian N.E. frontier, before he crossed into Burma.





CHINESE GUN CREW—members of Gen. Stilwell's highly efficient and reorganized army—being instructed by a U.S. artillery corporal in the operation of a 155-mm. howitzer, one of America's most modern weapons.





ON THE N.E. INDIAN FRONTIER, Gen. Wavell inspects a detachment of his troops on the eve of the Allied advance into Burma from Assam. Heavy arrow on the map (right) shows direction of our main thrust towards the Chindwin river. Smaller arrow above indicates positions in the Kabaw valley also occupied by our troops. The first clash with the Japanese in Western Burma occurred on Dec. 27, 1942 in the neighbourhood of Rathedaung. After an exchange of fire the enemy broke off contact and it was reported that the bulk of his forces had fallen back against the port of Akyab. Rangoon, Mandalay, Monywa, Magwe, and other important Jap bases were repeatedly bombed by the R.A.F. All communiqués emphasized the encouraging effect which these attacks had on our troops. Enemy aircraft which raided eastern Bengal in December encountered a spearhead of British fighter defence at Chittagong.

Photos, Indian Official: Copyright reserved; Keystone

It's the Same War All the World Over

Opening the newspaper of a morning, listening to the news bulletins of the B.B.C., one has an impression of a great number of different fronts, widely separated in space and varying greatly in importance. Yet as the famous writer, BOYD CABLE, explains in the article printed below, the War is one, a Total War indeed.

OUTSIDE the few trained specialists and experts in strategy there are few today who realize how closely related are the numerous fronts in this Total War, or how the results of a battle fought by a few thousand men or a score of warships may have reactions which affect a front half the world away and a battle between millions of men.

While the Battle of Britain raged in the skies over England the whole world looked, listened, heard the broadcasts or read the newspapers in much the same way as we used to listen to the round-by-round commentary on a heavy-weight contest, or read from edition to special edition the reports of a Test Match. The experts knew then how much hung on that battle; but in America, in our own Dominions, throughout the world, not one in a thousand had the faintest understanding that the fate of all mankind for generations to come hung on the issue of the battle.

MALTESE CHILDREN, undaunted by savage and prolonged Axis air attacks, are here seen recounting their experiences to a group of sailors on a quayside. Large supplies of bombs for the valiant island's counter-offensive were unloaded shortly before Christmas from a convoy that ran the gauntlet of the Mediterranean front line. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

It is only since that we have learned from Crete what can be done with airborne troops after the destruction of a defending air force and the completion of the occupation of its aerodromes. Now we do begin to understand how airborne Germans might have seized a bridgehead on our shores and rushed tanks and guns across the Channel, even as is now being done from Italy into Tunisia.

The Battle of Britain was an outstanding and exceptional example of how every battle-front on land and sea depended on a single front and the outcome of one battle. But an understanding of this has not been enough to bring full realization of how closely interlocked are all the world war fronts of today, and of how success or failure of far distant and at the moment apparently unimportant battles may affect many or all other fronts.

In New Guinea and the Solomons men who can be numbered in tens compared with the thousands on the Russian front have been fighting for months to take and hold an airfield and circle of surrounding jungle or a few strips of beach no longer than the Brighton promenade. There were sea battles fought at Midway and the Coral Sea which seemed isolated from all the other fronts. Yet if the Allies had not succeeded in checking and holding the Japs in those distant Pacific seas the Germans might today have been in Stalingrad and the Caucasian oil-fields, or we might have been suffering in England worse bombing raids than ever we have known.

We know that there is a neutrality pact between Japan and Russia; and we also know well that Japan would (or will) break that pact the moment it pays her to. Japan wanted that pact until she could at least establish full control of all the islands down to Australia, if not go to the length of an Australian invasion. If Australia could have been blocked off, and the islands north of it built into a strong wall of sea and air bases against possible Australian-American attack, Japan would have deemed it safe to play her usual stab-in-the-back act against Russia. Russia, knowing this, had to keep a tremendous force along her Far Eastern front.

Japan on the Defensive

But Japan has failed to secure her island chain of protection, and indeed must now face the possibility of a leap-frog series of assaults from island to island under land-based air fighter protection. Consequently, Russia was reasonably free to bring reinforcements from the Far East to launch those shattering blows from which the Germans are now reeling. The Luftwaffe has needed all its strength in Russia, and has had nothing to spare for the bombing of Britain, as it might have had last autumn and this winter if the Germans had been able to dig themselves into "hedgehog" positions in Russia.

The Aleutian Islands have not had much of the limelight up to now, and the completion of the Alaskan Highway (*see* page 332) is vaguely regarded as a great engineering feat which may some day and in some way prove of value in the war. But the fact that America has firmly gripped her Aleutian base and denied to Japan more than the merest toe-hold on the tip of the island chain, has played an important part in that same need for Japan to abstain from any attack on Russia. The bringing into use of the Alaskan Highway well ahead of programme has also helped.

Progress in North Africa

The Allies' occupation of French North Africa had an immediately helpful result for Russia, because the Germans were forced to bring a mass of aircraft from Russia to attack our African convoys and to ferry troops across to Tunisia. Now against the danger of an Allied attack from Africa on "the soft under-belly of the Axis" Germany has had to stretch and strain her military strength to garrison and fortify the whole length of the North Mediterranean shores. This could only be done by weakening the Russian front, or by using reserves required for it.

The fighting now going on to take Bizerta and Tunis will have repercussions which will vibrate through Russia, India, Burma and China. When we have taken those two bases and established airfields round the coast of Tunis, the Allies will have a short convoy route under the umbrella of air fighter protection along the Mediterranean to Egypt and Syria. This means the ability to transport men and munitions rapidly to Russia and India and Persia, so blocking any attempt at junction between German and Japanese forces and building up strength to attack Burma, free the Burma Road, and thus bring into action millions of Chinese troops now almost immobilized by lack of equipment.

Even if such a happy result cannot be accomplished for months or years, the mere threat of it should hold Japan back from that attack on Russia, and in time may easily lead to the Chinese sweeping clear enough of their coast to establish fleets of bombers to strike at the heart of Japan itself.

Malta's Magnificent Defence

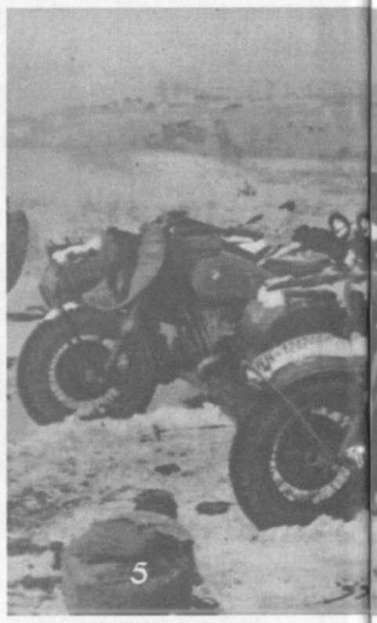
The gallant and unswerving years-long defence of Malta has excited the admiration of the world; we have all thrilled to the stories of the convoys fighting a way through with vitally necessary oil and supplies. But it is quite wrong to suppose the Battle of Malta is only a stirring episode, little (or not at all) likely to affect the broad results of the war. The "unsinkable aircraft-carrier" has been of the highest importance in its interference with Axis transport across the Mediterranean during the fighting in Libya and Egypt. Its importance will continue, or even increase, when we begin to move our convoys through the Mediterranean.

Fortunately for us, all these apparently separate and disconnected actions on far-apart fronts have been deliberately planned and carried out as a strategic whole. The collapse of France and the first overwhelming success of the Japs must have thrown all previously conceived strategy of the Allies in the fire. But ever since we touched bottom in our losses—as I believe we did touch bottom when America lost a fleet at Pearl Harbour, her Pacific bases and the Philippines; we lost Malaya and Burma; the Dutch lost Java and the East Indies; and the Russians were hurled back hundreds of miles—it is now becoming evident that new and bold strategic plans were drawn up. Now they are being carried into effect, and the scattered jigsaw puzzle pieces are being collected and fitted together in an interlocking world-wide front.

Photos, Planet News

Dread Winter Reigns in Russia

With January's coming the Russian winter approaches its bitter climax, so that mobility is reduced to a minimum. But to this problem, as to so many another, the Red Army has found the solution. "Every infantryman must be a skier," is now the slogan. Top, a patrol of Russian ski-troopers on the Leningrad front. Below, a number of Nazi tanks captured on the same front have been repaired, and are here seen moving into action against their former owners.



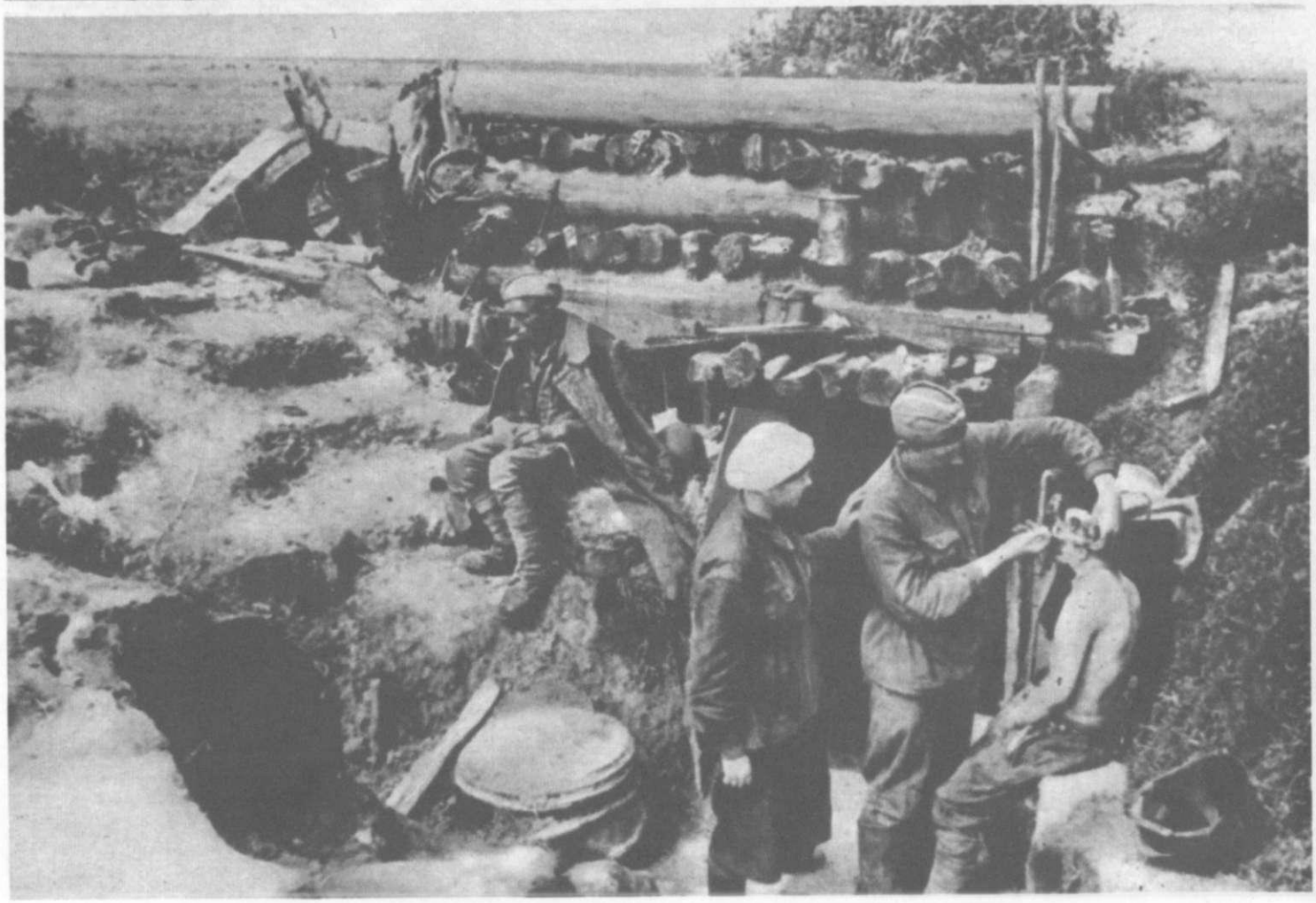
Ghostly Warriors in a World of White

Although the weather has been indescribably cruel, the Russian armies have continued their gigantic offensives. In these actions a big part is played by specially-trained ski-soldiers, a detachment of whom—parachute troops, camouflaged in white and armed with tommy-guns—is seen in (1). Tremendous losses have been inflicted on Hitler's armies, both in men and material: 2, a Nazi tank photographed at the moment of touching off a mine in the Voronezh area.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright: U.S.S.R. Official, Pinel News, Keystone

Arctic Conditions on the Eastern Front

Over snowbound ground, in and out of the icicle-festooned trees of the gloomy Russian forest, German troops (3) plod wearily and warily along, garbed in overalls which once were white so as to make them invisible to the snipers of the Red Army. In (4), a photo taken on the Stalingrad front, Red Army sappers are clearing a road of mines. As the Germans retreat they leave behind them vast quantities of war material; here (5) are some of a batch of 150 Nazi motor-cycles.



Photos, Associated Press, Planet News

War in Russia's Gloomy Forests

But for the "dzots" Hitler's invasion of Russia would have ended ere now in disaster. What, then, is a dzot? The word is formed from the initials of the Russian words for "wood earth firing point." That the name is apt will be apparent from our photo (top) of one of them in a forest. Below, a Russian casualty clearing station just behind the line; a wounded soldier of the Red Army is receiving attention from a medical orderly and one of that brave regiment of women, the Soviet nurses.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

WHEN you read now and then about the guerilla war that is being carried on against the Nazis in the mountains of Serbia, and about the leader of the brave men who are fighting for their country's independence and freedom, how do you picture this General Mihailovich to yourself?

With some knowledge of Balkan *comitadjis*, as the bands of turbulent mountaineers who have disturbed the region called Macedonia for so many years are called, I supposed him to be a man of tough, even ruffianly appearance—not young by any means, full of courage, but not very brainy. I was surprised to discover from the photograph of him in George Sava's new book, The Chetniks of Yugoslavia (Faber, 10s.), that he has a face in which intellect as well as character are plainly discernible. This is how the London doctor (born Russian, now British) who calls himself for literary purposes Sava, describes the General:

A man in the late forties, of medium height and with striking eyes of a bright mountain-flower blue, and fairish curly hair. But his physical details were dominated by his presence. It was that of the born natural leader. Here was a man, one said at once, in whom one could place one's entire faith, a man to die for. Yet there was nothing aloof about him . . . He put no gulf between himself and us, such as an officer puts between himself and his men and even more so between himself and irregulars.

"Irregulars" though they are, these Yugoslavs know more about the sort of warfare that is going on in the region between their country and Montenegro, Albania and Greece, than any of the scientifically-trained German staff officers. Mihailovich had a training of that kind himself. He was in the army, served as a lieutenant in 1914-15, then as military attaché in Sofia and Prague. He had a command in 1941, but found it impossible to stand up against the enemy's tanks and artillery with the poor equipment he was given. When the order to capitulate reached him, he had only a few battalions of Chetniks left. With them he moved into the mountains, ignoring the instruction to surrender, resolved to "carry on the war to the victorious conclusion and show that Serbia still lives."

Now, who are the Chetniks? They do not seem to be a race or a tribe. The term is used apparently to describe people who live in a certain part of the wild country on the Yugoslav border. Anyway, they are showing the Germans what the spirit of Yugoslavia is.

Their task was to collect together the scattered fragments of the army which refused to surrender, so that they might reform to make a new fighting force in the heart of the land . . . From all parts peasants came to the centres of resistance, bringing with them old guns and hunting-rifles, some of them muzzle-loaders complete with ramrod and powder-horn. Trains of mules dragged small century-old cannon, for which no ammunition could be procured. And against these weapons the Germans used all the resources of a modern army. They bombed and machine-gunned from the air. Their heavy tanks lumbered about.

But it must have seemed to them that for every one Yugoslav they crushed, two more made their appearance. During one month the Chetniks killed 12,000 Nazis, blew up 200 bridges, set fire to between three and four hundred petrol, ammunition, and store dumps, wrecked seventeen trains. They made the Germans jumpy, never knowing where they would strike next or what they would do.

Their methods were ingenious. One was to make thermometers with a very powerful explosive in them, and put them up in railway stations, public buildings or hotels frequented by German officers. No one took much notice of them until they went off. The Italians were particularly scared. It was said they would not for months let thermometers be put into their mouths in hospital for fear they might be blown up!

THE Chetniks of Yugoslavia

When an Alpine regiment, trained in the highlands of Bavaria, was sent against them, the Chetniks showed them they were up against men who knew every crag and cranny on the barren heights. They were decoyed up to a mountain from which there were only two ways down—one the road they used, which was promptly closed behind them, and a sheer abyss of 2,000 feet. None of that regiment escaped.

THERE is a rough humour about the Chetniks. They captured eighty Germans by derailing a train loaded with ammunition. What should be done with them? Mihailovich asked. "We won't hang them for the crimes they have committed on our people. We must teach them a lesson. We've got to frighten these bullies. We'll pull their trousers down and write on their backsides, 'Show yourselves to the garrison of Belgrade. The next we capture we shoot.'"

They actually did that, tattooing the message with an indelible vegetable dye, putting the prisoners into coffins, loading the coffins on wagons, and driving the wagons into the heart of the capital. They were taken to the doors of the German headquarters; there the drivers decamped. In a few minutes the men in the coffins began to wriggle, then to put their heads up. Their comrades came out and released them. "Fear struck deep into their hearts. Many of these soldiers, no more than boys, turned pale and began to cast hurried glances about them, while they fingered their triggers nervously."

With the Chetniks are a number of British soldiers who made their way into the mountains after the disastrous end of the campaign in Greece in the spring of 1941. They taught their hosts how to use anti-tank rifles and other modern weapons; and they repaired tanks captured from the enemy, which the Serbians had not been able to do anything with. Their chief difficulty was getting accustomed to the food and to the small amount of it. But in villages where there were pigs and poultry they managed to "initiate the Serbs into their favourite breakfast dish, eggs and bacon."

THAT the Germans would like very much to keep their grip, which is growing weaker, on Yugoslavia is obvious. It is a country of vast potential riches. It has, for instance, the largest deposits in Europe of bauxite, which is necessary to the making of aluminium for aircraft construction. It has zinc and iron ore, lead, silver and marble; immense forests, enormous numbers of pigs and sheep.

Little has been done to develop these possible sources of wealth. The great mass of the people are without any kind of formal education. Their rulers have been more anxious to make themselves prosperous than to bring prosperity to the nation. Large districts are inhabited by people who have scarcely advanced in the arts and ideas of civilization during the last two thousand years. The Nazis do not allow that they have "any value as human beings," they are "so much cattle, ripe for exploitation."

After the War some federation of the Balkans must be formed for mutual protection. So far the system there has been "all against all." I remember being one autumn in a little town near which are the frontiers of Bulgaria, Rumania and Yugoslavia. I made friends with a Russian who had been an admiral in the Tsar's Navy and was now by an odd turn of fortune commanding a gang of desperadoes who carried hand grenades in their pockets and lived on the country like bandits—though they didn't like being called bandits. They called themselves patriots.

I have many amusing recollections of them. One is of a supper-party the admiral gave, at which performed an orchestra of three musicians looking, I thought, rather nervous. When after supper the *comitadjis* began firing their revolvers at the ceiling and the pictures on the walls, I understood why. I got my feet up on the seat of my chair when the man next to me fired into the floor, and I left soon afterwards. But I was glad of the experience, for it showed me what sort of people prevented the Balkans from becoming civilized. Subjected to the discipline of an ordered, peaceful society, these desperadoes would have been fine fellows. Perhaps if Gen. Draza Mihailovich comes through and leads his countrymen in peace as boldly and cleverly as he is leading them in war, we may see such a society.

YUGOSLAV PATRIOTS have done much to frustrate Axis plans for the subjection of their country and its incorporation in the Hitlerite system. This photo shows members of a guerilla band being marched away after having been captured. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

Meet Some of Norway's Young Fighter Pilots

From time to time HENRY BAERLEIN has contributed to these pages articles descriptive of the Allied contingents who have found in Britain a home from home and a base from which they may sally forth to do battle with the common foe. In this article we are told something of the Norwegian airmen who have arrived from across the North Sea to fight side by side with the R.A.F.

RECENTLY I have visited Norwegian fighter pilots at a camp in this country. They are under the famous Riiser-Larsen, the first man to sail in a dirigible over the North Pole, after having tried with Amundsen to reach it by plane. Riiser-Larsen is one of the world's most renowned airmen, who received his flying training in England during the last war; he has the physical frame which the Nazis call "Nordic," and as a rule is a huge, silent Norseman. But he can on occasion talk, as when he alludes to "Little Norway," the camp in Canada which he helped to establish. "It took us barely three months to get going down there. The air-field with its pea-green huts was soon finished with the help of local labour. It is the most up-to-date thing anyone can imagine, right down to the camp kitchen. Training machines were available just as soon as we needed them, for our Government had ordered them a long time beforehand. And everything for the Norwegian armed forces is paid for by Norwegian money." That is a matter of which all the Norwegians are rightly proud.

'Neither Quislings nor Spongers'

It may be thought that this has nothing to do with the Norwegian Air Force. But one cannot be for long with these happy-go-lucky, broad-shouldered Norse airmen and be unaware of the psychological effect produced by the knowledge that they are paying their way. "We are neither a race of Quislings nor a race of spongers," said one of them.

They had various adventures in their travels from stricken Norway to "Little Norway." For instance, one to whom I talked had been an airman in his country's small pre-War force. At that time they had at their disposal Glosters from England and Focke-Wulfs which were built under licence in Norway. When the Germans suddenly invaded Norway there was as much resistance as was humanly possible. Some of the pilots developed, as one of them told me, a new technique of doing without bomb-sights—for the very good reason that they had to. After the capitulation of the country they obeyed the voice of King Haakon on the radio and made their way to Sweden, where they were interned, as a matter of form, for a few days. Subsequently they obtained visas and departed for Moscow, where they were splendidly treated, and then they went via Japan to America. There they were joined by many young Norwegians who had managed to get away in fishing-boats to Britain and thence to Canada.

ONE sturdy fellow said that people looked down their noses at him because he had never liked to kill birds, but he had no objection at all to killing Germans. And now this young man has had his heart's desire, for he takes part in hedge-hopping expeditions over France, Belgium and Holland.

"It made me laugh a lot," he said, "when I came out of a cloud in Belgium the other day and shot up a number of German soldiers who were on the roof of a barrack building."

"Oh, well," said a friend of his, "there's room for some laughter even in Norway nowadays. I was at home for fifteen months after the Germans had arrived, and they told us they were only resting on the way to England. They used to say that Britain would fall to them like a piece of cake. We have the same expression in our language, *et stykke kake*. At first they didn't listen much to the B.B.C., but when I left—like many others, in a fishing-boat—they not only were listening but were believing what the B.B.C. told them."

To bring the conversation back to matters of the air I mentioned Dieppe, where (I had been told by others) the Norwegians did particularly well. The two fighter squadrons of the Royal Norwegian Air Force which took part in the raid accounted for 14 machines definitely destroyed, four probably destroyed and 13 damaged, while the Norwegians lost two airmen. Their most successful pilot was one, aged 19, from Oslo, who destroyed two German aircraft and probably a third.

"I was luckily among the first (he said) to meet the Germans in the air. I saw a Focke-Wulf 190 tailing a Spitfire. I warned the pilot by radio, but the German was too quick and he shot the Spitfire down. His victory was short-lived, as a few moments later I sent him spinning through the air to crash 200 yards from where the Spitfire had fallen. Then I saw three more Focke-Wulfs which were coming in to attack me, so I turned on them, damaging one, which was later credited to me as a 'probable.' As my ammunition was now exhausted I returned home." The moment his machine was refuelled he went back into the battle zone. This time he took part in a fight with eight Dornier 217s, accounting for one of the six which were shot down.

NORWEGIAN 'WRENS' attached to a Norwegian naval squadron are learning to handle and fire rifles as part of their training at a naval depot in England. *Photo, L.N.A.*

One of the Norwegian pilots told me that he had been a mechanic for six months. He had gone with his parents to the United States as a small boy, and before the States were officially in the War he had gone across the frontier to Canada and been accepted in "Little Norway." His special task has been to attack shipping; and according to him it is not too difficult to hit a ship even when you are going at some 350 miles an hour.

"To be in those sweeps over France, Belgium and Holland (he said) is very exciting and great fun. It is more like a sport than anything else. The other day when I was escorting Flying Fortresses some ack-ack exploded not far underneath me and my machine bumped 25 to 50 feet. But one gets used to that kind of thing. When I said that our job is sport I should have added that, like real sportsmen, we have rules that we keep. For instance, when we make for a train we are careful to hit the engine only, if there is any fear that civilians are in the compartments."

Some of these airmen have had a trying time in getting across to Britain in small ships of every kind.

"I could stand it no longer in Norway (said one of them, a corporal), so I left my wife to look after my garage, where I had been obliged to repair German cars. They told us at first that they had come to protect us from the terrible British onslaught. We didn't answer that sort of thing, but merely looked at them, and it works very well. It was some time before five of us could get hold of a little boat, and as we put to sea it was fairly rough, but there were no German planes about and we were picked up by a patrol-boat with Scottish people on board. How nice they were to us, and how white was the bread they gave us!"

One husky young man told me that he and some friends of his found a lifeboat, rigged a sail, and made for the open sea, with hardly any provisions, a meagre supply of water, and always the anxiety that they would be spotted by German patrols and shot at sight.

"One morning (he said) we saw a tiny speck on the horizon. It turned out to be a British destroyer. Never shall I forget how we danced with joy in our cockle-shell of a boat; it nearly turned over. This meant England, liberty and—what we hoped for most and were now likely to get—revenge."

Two of the company had to thank the skill of a cook, for when some German airmen left their plane at a certain place in the south-west of Norway and sat for a longish time enjoying an excellent meal, these two young men seized the opportunity and the plane, in which they reached Britain without any incident. There probably was some incident when the Germans had to report to their superiors, but that is a matter of surmise.

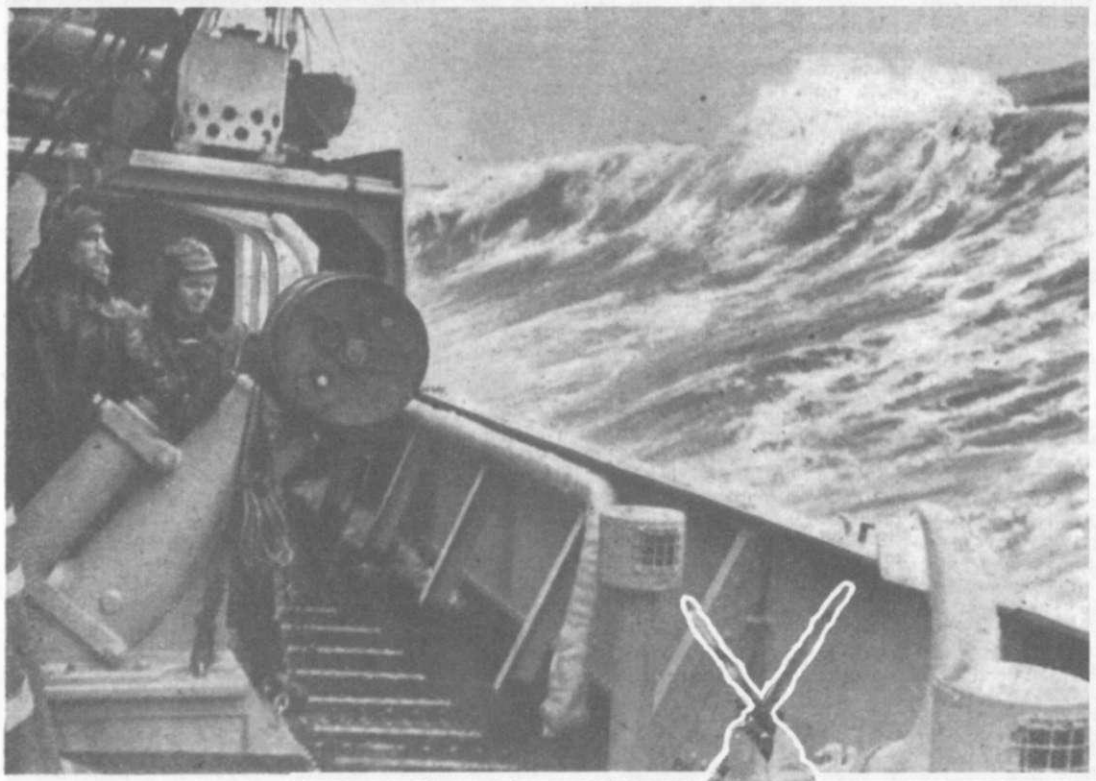
ANOTHER man I met was at the time of the German invasion of his Motherland a truck-driver in western Canada, at a place where all the people were of Norwegian origin. Even the storekeeper, he mentioned, was Norwegian; but the children were learning English at school and the older folk could talk it pretty well. Among themselves they used Norwegian, but if other people were around they spoke English. "We didn't want to offend a fellow," said the ex-truck-driver, "if we could help it, and it is kind of nasty hearing a language you can't understand. I had applied for naturalization, but when the War broke out I went to the Norwegian consul, and that was the first step to my getting to the camp of 'Little Norway.'"

"When you go back to Canada after the War," I said, "back to your truck . . ."

Hedge-hopping over Europe

His rather stern face dissolved into smiles. "I shall be able to tell them," he said, "about a different sort of driving a machine. For example, hedge-hopping over in France and Belgium. One day I was told to look for some shipping near Ostend, but there was none, so I went on into a cloud and then came down; and while I was hedge-hopping I came on to a canal and got some German barges, and ten minutes after that there was a town where they started shooting at me, but my friend—we were in sections of twos—was a little hit in the tail, not much, and I not at all. So it goes on day by day, and I don't just know whether I'd like it to go on for ever. But I dare say I'll get used to my truck again when we've won this war and peace returns to the world."

Norway's Sons Never, Never Will Be Slaves



FREE NORWEGIAN FORCES in the British Isles are greatly contributing to the cause of the United Nations. Ever since June 7, 1940—the day that King Haakon and his Government sailed to England, there to continue the struggle against the Germans—the ranks of the Norwegian Army, Navy and Air Force serving with the Allies have been steadily increasing. In the air, redoubtable squadrons are ceaselessly on the offensive. Top left, members of the ground staff serving with a Norwegian fighter squadron in the North of England. Above, amid scenes that recall the snowclad hillsides of his native country, this Norwegian soldier practises musketry against the day when he will help to throw out the enemy from his homeland.

THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN NAVY is now the fourth largest of the Allied fleets. The majority of Norway's warships and other vessels were sunk in resisting the German invasion of 1940, but since that date rebuilding has been going on apace, and today this new fleet comprises some 5 destroyers, 4 corvettes, submarines, 36 minesweepers, 10 smaller fighting ships and 2 harbour service vessels. Many thousands of Norwegians (numbers of whom escaped after the German occupation of their country) are serving in the R.N.N., which has its own training centres in Britain and Canada. The photograph above was taken aboard a Norwegian corvette escorting an Atlantic convoy. An enemy submarine has been located, and preparations are being made for depth charging. Right, a Norwegian ski-ing patrol is shown putting up a tent at one of the training camps established in Scotland.

Photos, Norwegian Official

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THREE pointers to United Nations' supremacy in 1943 are: (1) Britain now has numerical superiority in aircraft over Germany and Italy combined; (2) Russia has numerical superiority in aircraft on the eastern front; (3) the United States built 48,000 warplanes in 1942, thereby exceeding the combined production of Germany, Italy and Japan.

Supplies have reached China by air since the Japanese closed the Burma Road, but the British southward move into Burma from India was the first sign of territorial redressment of Chinese isolation from the increasing supplies coming off the production lines in Britain and America. British and American aircraft execute combined operations against the Japanese in Burma, some of the latter from Chinese territory.

Now is the time to press forward in that area, for as summer approaches the heat becomes oppressive; and when the monsoon breaks the humidity becomes a torment, and minor ailments, such as prickly heat and dobi's rash, torture one's skin. To aircrews, subjected to differing temperatures and pressures when flying at varying altitudes, any skin irritation becomes doubly noticeable, especially after alighting from a flight. Heat on the ground feels more oppressive after the relative coolness of the upper air. And although airframes, engines and airscrews are vastly superior to those we used in the days when I was the first pilot to cross India in the monsoon, crews still have to fight their way through storms of wind and rain, and thick, dense clouds that come down sometimes to ground level. But the monsoon does not break until May or June (the date varies from year to year); until then air forces have the most favourable weather for operations.

WELLINGTONS and Blenheims concentrated largely on attacking Japanese air-fields in Burma. Many are reclaimed from rice-fields; their construction and maintenance demand heavy and constant coolie labour for draining, levelling, road-making, and the construction of shelters. R.A.F. bombs churn up parts of the surface to the consistency of paddy-fields and hamper the operations of the Japanese army air force. Bombers have been escorted by Hurricanes. Sometimes fighters have made the attacks.

Calcutta was raided by Japanese bombers for the first time on December 20, 1942. Other raids were made on December 22, during the night of December 22–23, and on Christmas Eve. About nine tons of bombs were dropped in the four raids—a light weight judged by British standards. The raiders were met by anti-aircraft gunfire and night fighters; one bomber was shot down by night fighters on Christmas Eve. In the first three raids 25 persons were killed and fewer than 100 injured. There were only three Japanese aircraft in the third raid; two were damaged by night fighters.

ALLIED air pressure has been exerted against the Japanese on their southern perimeter in the Solomons (Guadalcanal and New Georgia) and in Papua where the yellow-skinned soldiers were driven back to a small beach-head; Japanese attempts to land reinforcements by sea transport and parachute were defeated, largely by air power.

Bombs by Parachute

When bombing this restricted beach-head American bombers have used parachute bombs to ensure accuracy. These bombs must not be confused with land-mines dropped by the Luftwaffe on British cities. The land-mine, a special bomb containing a high explosive content, is dropped by parachute so that it will explode on or slightly above the surface to secure the maximum blast effect. The parachute bombs used by the Americans are ordinary bombs dropped from a very low height. The parachute checks the forward speed of the bomb, thus causing it to fall upon the object over which the bomber flew at the instant of release; during the bomb's fall the aeroplane flies on and is out of the danger area when the bomb explodes. The R.A.F. use the delayed-action bomb to achieve similar safety. Advantages of the parachute bomb are that it makes sighting easy—release when over the objective—and prevents the bomb from bouncing, as often happens when a delayed-action bomb is released from a low level; some of the latter have bounced over three rows of houses before exploding. I have known one bounce off a field and explode at about 50 feet, almost destroying the Messerschmitt 109E that dropped it.

IT is rather surprising that the American parachute bomb was not used earlier in this war. The American Armament Corporation tried to interest London in it about 1937–8. I was privileged to see a very hush-hush film of the bomb in action on a bombing range at that time. The R.A.F. did not take it up. Now the Americans are using it, apparently with success, in Papua.

On the northern horn of the Japanese perimeter American bombers have again attacked Japanese ships. On December 30 two cargo boats were bombed in Kiska Harbour with uncertain results. The American bombers and escort of twin-boom Lightning fighters were intercepted by Zero floatplane fighters; one bomber, two Lightnings and one Zero were shot down in the resulting fight. Next day American medium bombers scored three hits on one ship and two on another and lost no aircraft. Weather plays a large part in the results of air operations in the Aleutians.

On Christmas Eve 1942 the largest mass heavy-bomber raid yet made in the Pacific zone was delivered by U.S. Army A.F. four-engined aircraft (probably Fortresses and or Liberators) against Japanese-occupied Wake Island (and adjacent Peale Island), former American possession and part of the air route island chain from San Francisco to Hong Kong. This was the third air assault on Wake Island. More than 75,000 lb. of bombs were dropped. All the bombers returned, presumably to Midway Island 1,200 miles distant, or to Honolulu 2,000 miles away.

IN their full-scale counter-offensive the Russians have employed aircraft extensively, both with the Red Army and the Black Sea Fleet air arm. Parachute troops dropped from transport planes on a German-occupied airfield in the dark and threw the enemy into confusion, after a bomb attack by heavy bombers and Stormoviks. Russian air superiority makes it impossible for the Luftwaffe to withdraw many aircraft for other fronts. German aircraft losses in Russia, apart from accidents, are at the rate of between 5,000 and 10,000 a year.

Activity in the Mediterranean

Following Axis evacuation of Nofilia on December 18, 1942, Allied air pressure in Libya was directed around Sultan on December 20, and against Hon airfield next day. Sirte fell to the 8th Army on Christmas Day.

Meanwhile, Malta, supplied by convoys, increased its value as an air base. December 1942 saw Malta's heaviest air offensive, bombing Tunis port with 4,000-lb. bombs (Wellingtons), sinking two ships in a convoy of four off Sicily with "tin-fish" (Albacores), and bombing Sicilian aerodromes.

In North Africa from November 8 to December 27 the Allies destroyed 277 enemy aircraft for a loss of 114.

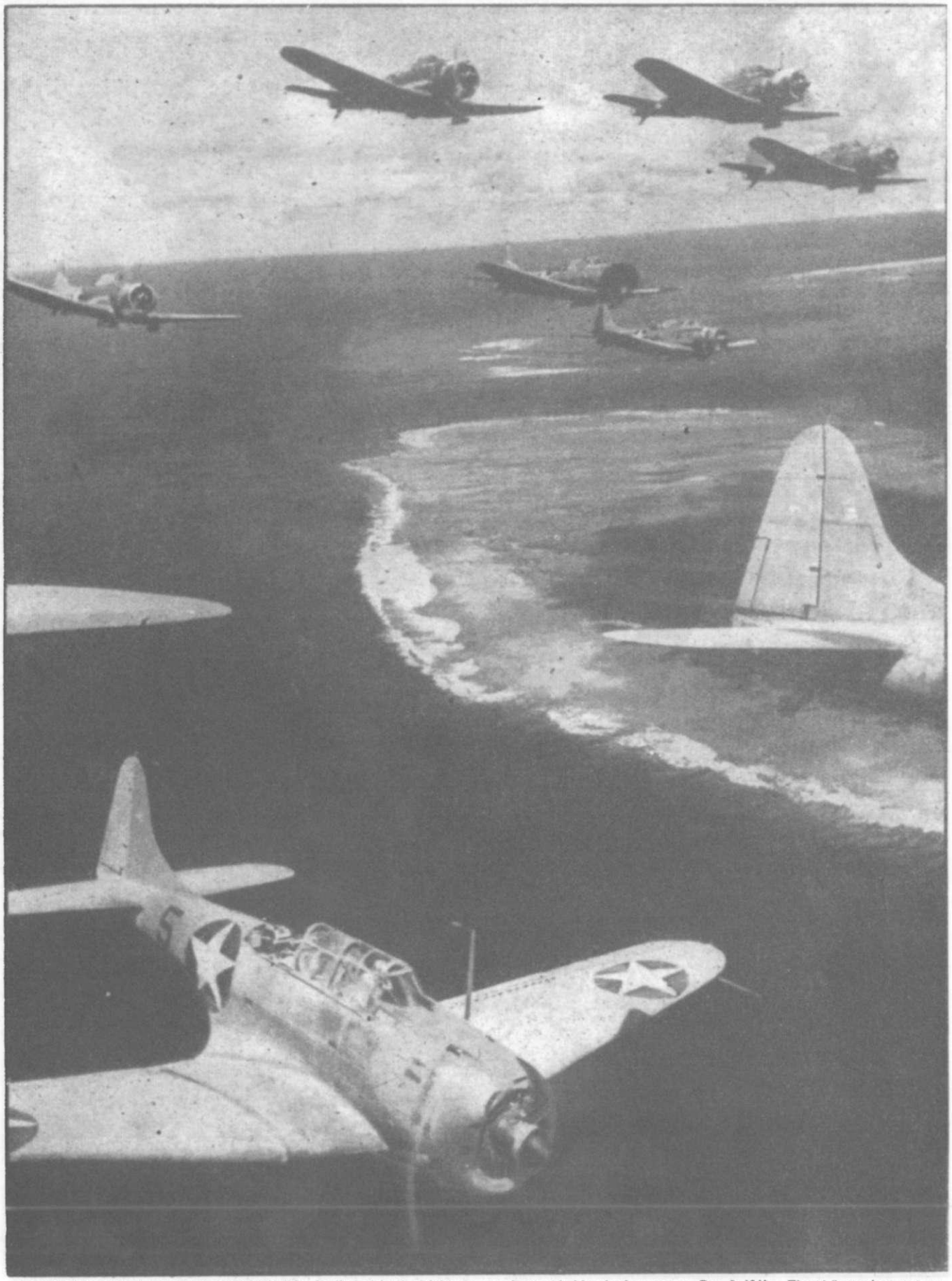
On December 20, 1942, Fortresses and Liberators attacked the German-occupied base at Romilly-sur-Seine, and shot down 46 German fighters for a loss of six bombers. On December 30 they attacked the submarine pens in Lorient.

Bomber Command raided North-West Germany on December 17, Duisburg on December 20, and Munich on December 21, losing 18, 11, and 12 aircraft on the three raids.

NORTH AFRICAN AIRFIELDS, taken over by the Anglo-American forces in Morocco and Algeria, have provided the Allied airmen with excellent bases from which to launch intensive air war against the Axis. Nevertheless, new ones have to be constructed, and this photograph shows men of the Royal Engineers laying a portable metal runway.

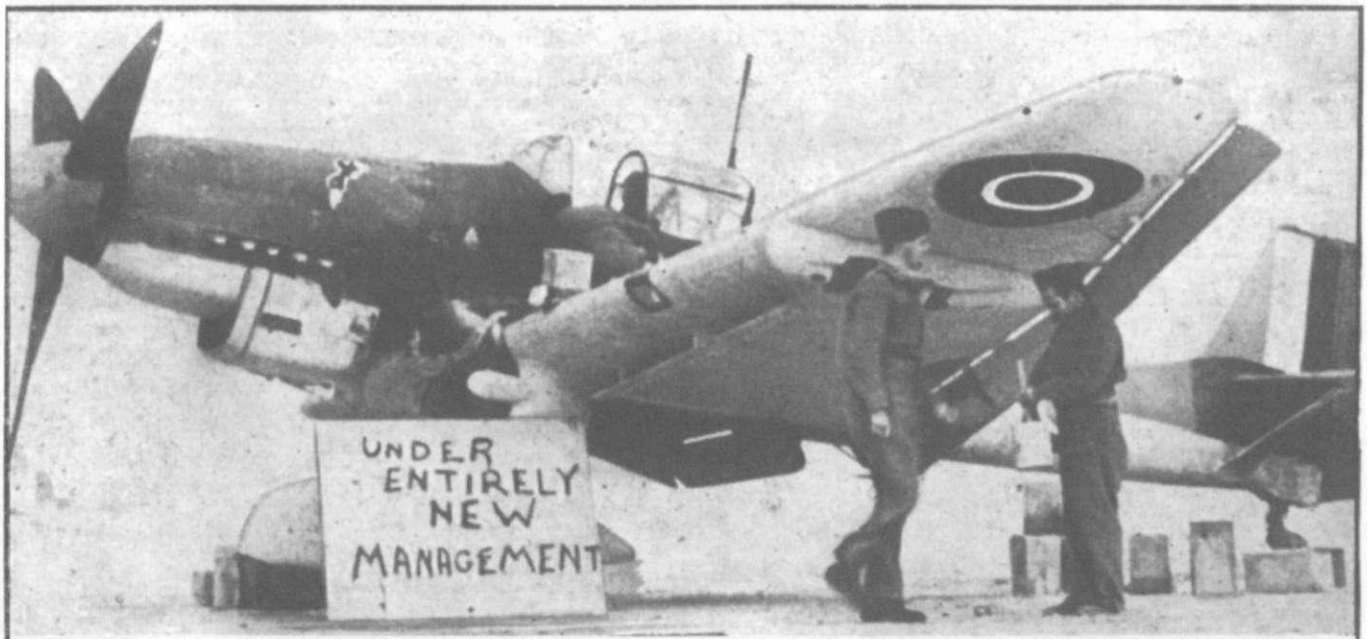
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

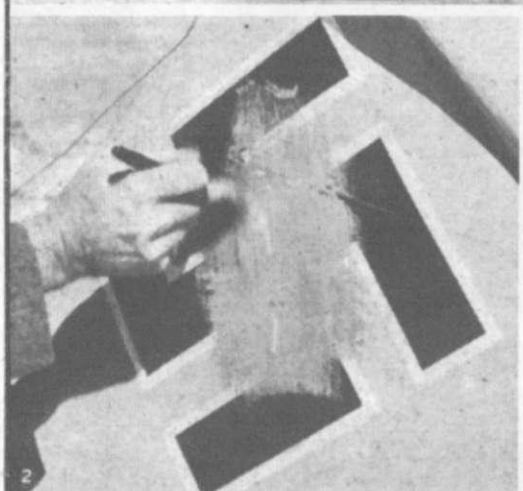
America Guards the Sky Above Midway

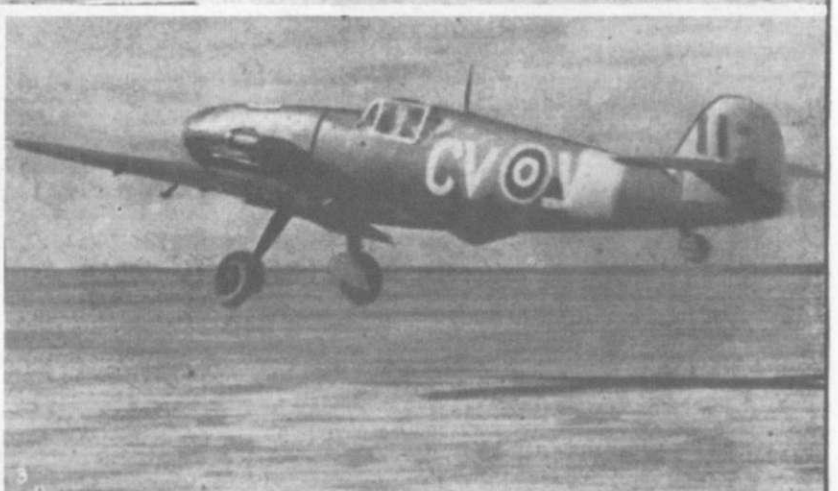


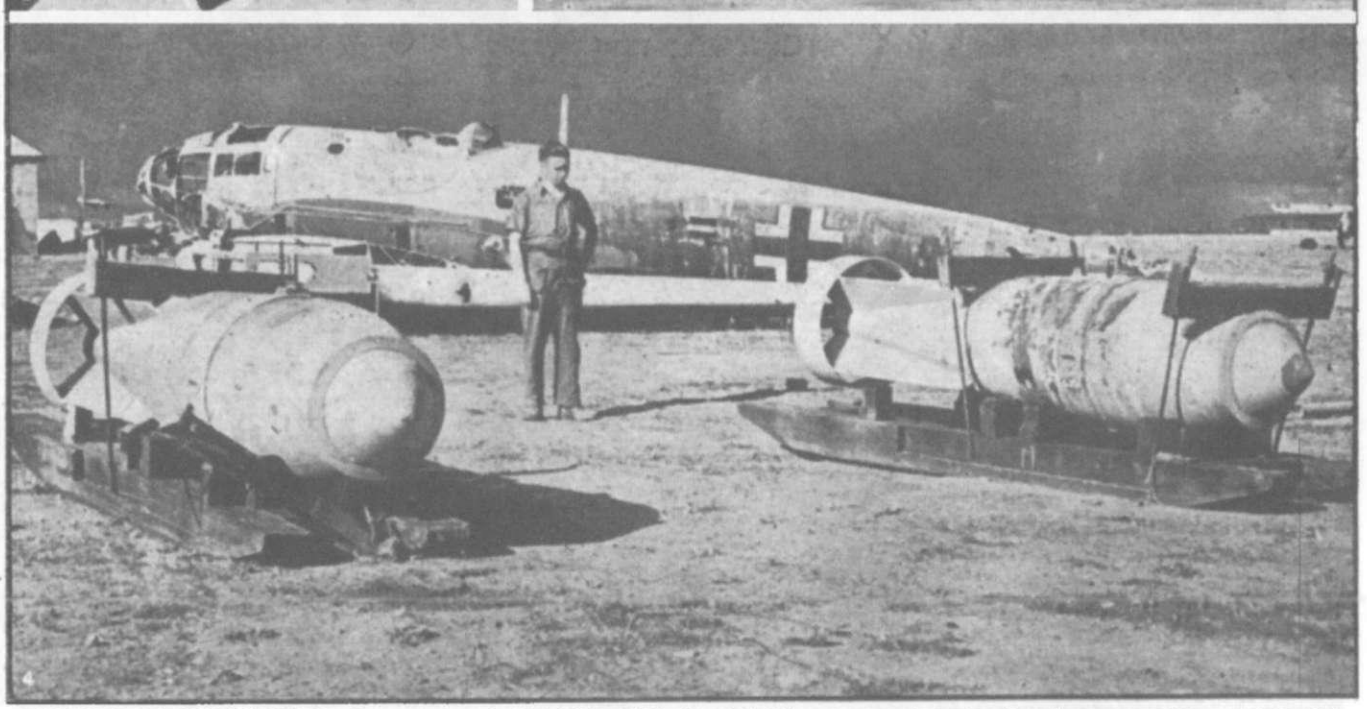
AMERICA'S NAVAL BASE IN MID-PACIFIC, the little island of Midway, was first raided by the Japanese on Dec. 8, 1941. The U.S. garrison put up a determined resistance and held out successfully. On June 4, 1942 the enemy launched a full-scale attack and suffered crippling air and naval losses. This photo shows U.S. Douglas Dauntless dive-bombers maintaining a vigilant watch around Midway's shores. From Pearl Harbour in Hawaii to Midway is about 1200 miles. *Photo, Keystone*

Nazi Planes 'Under New Management' in Libya





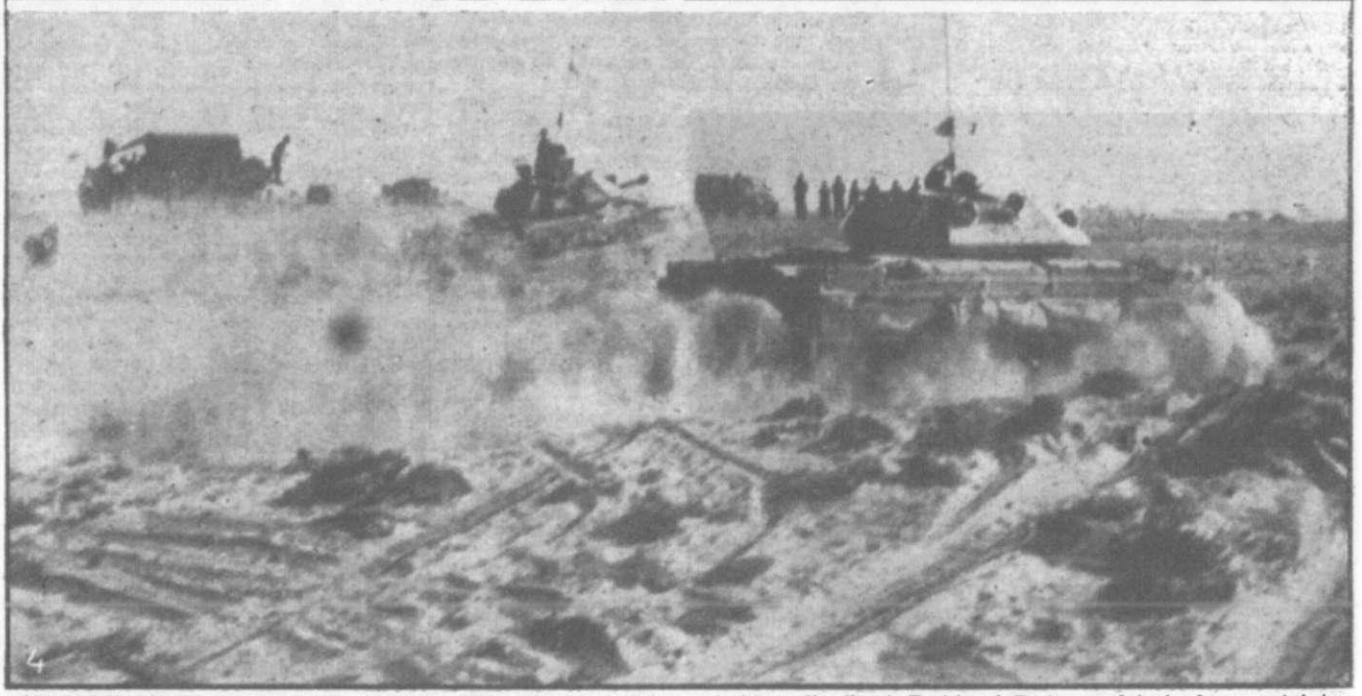




CAPTURED GERMAN AIRCRAFT, a large number of which fell into Allied hands in Libya, were made serviceable, whenever possible, and given test flights. 1, This signboard, propped against a re-painted JU 87D, aptly sums up the situation. 2, "Writing-off" a swastika to be replaced by R.A.F. markings. 3, Bearing R.A.F. roundels, this repaired ME 109 takes off on its test flight. 4, Heavy bombs on sleds abandoned by the enemy at Benina airfield, near Benghazi.

Photos. British Official: Crown Copyright

Britain's 'Crusaders' in Action in North Africa



CRUSADER TANKS, greatly contributing to our Libyan victory, are being used with deadly effect in Tunisia. 1, Tank men of the 1st Army read their mail during a lull in operations. 2, The Fighting French have formed an armoured unit known as Fighting French Flying Column No. 1, which works with a British Armoured Brigade; men of this column are here shown boarding a Crusader. 3, British workers who helped to build Crusaders discuss technical details over a model with a major of the 8th Army. The Crusader is a 15-ton tank, now armed with a 6-pounder gun, and has a speed of 30 m.p.h. 4, Crusaders go into action in Libya.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

WHO is Private Tom Snooks? He is the "ordinary man," explained Lord Nathan to the House of Lords in a debate on post-war reconstruction on Dec. 16, 1942. He is, of course, a soldier; his wife is evacuated and is doing part-time war work, his daughter is in munitions, his son is an aircraftman, and his two youngsters have been evacuated to Devonshire. The house in which he and his family lived and the little shop which provided them with a livelihood have been bombed. And Tom Snooks, like Rosa Dartle, "wants to know."

Some of the airy generalizations about reconstruction, said Lord Nathan, are like an escapist's paradise.

"What the ordinary man—Tom Snooks—wants to know is what is going to happen to him after the war—to him, his family, and his job. Tom Snooks is a private just now, but he wants to get back to lead an ordinary family life. The first aim of reconstruction is to give Snooks independence for himself and security for his family. That is all the aim of Democracy. We must have a housing policy to give Snooks a home; a full-time employment policy to keep all the Snookses employed practically all the time; an education policy for his children; and a policy to bring Snooks and his scattered family all back together again. Snooks has fought for this: he expects this, and if he does not get it there will be trouble. For myself, I affirm a passionate faith in the Snookses of this country. It is Snooks's wants and needs which are the real war aim."

Revolution in Finance

ON the same day there was a debate in the House of Commons on war finance. It was opened by Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, one of Labour's financial experts, with a review of the financial revolution of the last two or three decades.

This revolution he attributed to (1) the fact that the gold standard is not only dead but damned; (2) the State has regained supremacy over currency; (3) the volume of credit, though nominally controlled by the banks, is, as Mr. McKenna recently pointed out, decided by Government policy; (4) the price of credit, both long and short, although apparently arrived at by mutual bargaining, is in reality dictated by the Government; (5) the general level of prices, including the cost of living, is today regulated by the Government; and (6) it has been discovered that that which was economically possible cannot be financially impossible. "It is still true that we have got to cut our coat according to our cloth, but the cloth is an economic cloth and not a financial cloth as it used to be thought."

On the whole, Mr. Pethick-Lawrence was optimistic: "I am not despondent about the position after the War."

If we can avoid the extremes of inflation and deflation, then, with the power of production freed from the restricting bed of Procrustes imposed upon it by the gold standard, and with a wise national policy in foreign, imperial, and domestic affairs, we should be able to have full employment and use to the utmost the knowledge and technique acquired during the twentieth century. If, coupled with this, we had a more equitable distribution of wealth, he saw no reason why, a few years after the War, we should not be able to double our pre-war output and reach a national income of £10,000,000,000 instead of the £5,000,000,000 before the War. On that basis, with the banishment of want and idleness and with a reducing burden of taxation, we could build up a community of free and healthy men and women in a prosperity hitherto unknown.

REPLYING to the debate, Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, revealed that in the first three years of the War 42 per cent of the total expenditure was met out of revenue, and for the current financial year 50 per cent would be met in this way. This war is being fought on a much more economical basis than the last; loans, exclusive of the floating debt, have cost only 2½ per cent as compared with 5 per cent in 1914 to 1917. The gross cost to the taxpayer of borrowing a given sum has been one-third of what it was in the last war. The "heavy and painful" demands which have been imposed have a double purpose of keeping borrowing to a minimum and reducing the increase in purchasing power which, if given free play, would produce serious inflation.

One of the most striking facts of financial history, the Chancellor of the Exchequer went on, has been the universal acceptance of the burdens of war taxation.

"We find that some 9,500,000 black-coat workers and others with small incomes have made a contribution of some £270,000,000 per annum in order that we may achieve victory." The result of the National Savings campaign in the last three years has also been most remarkable. "It has yielded £4,600,000,000 in all, an average of £30,000,000 a week since the beginning of the War. The total is made up of £2,900,000,000 from large market securities and £1,700,000,000 from small savings." Sir Kingsley Wood described this as a monumental corporate effort which would have tremendous social consequences in the future. "It is a striking fact that one-third of the population of the country now hold Savings Certificates."

But it may be doubted whether the Chancellor was altogether pleased with the spectacle of Christmas week, when the people's spending was reported to be breaking all records. This was evidenced by the tremendous number of £1 and 10s. currency notes that were required to be put into circulation. During the last five weeks of 1942 over £53,000,000 worth of notes were put into circulation, bringing the total number of notes issued to the new high record of over £923,000,000. Only during the Munich crisis in 1938 and in the fortnight before the outbreak of war were there so many new currency notes demanded by the public from the banks and post offices.

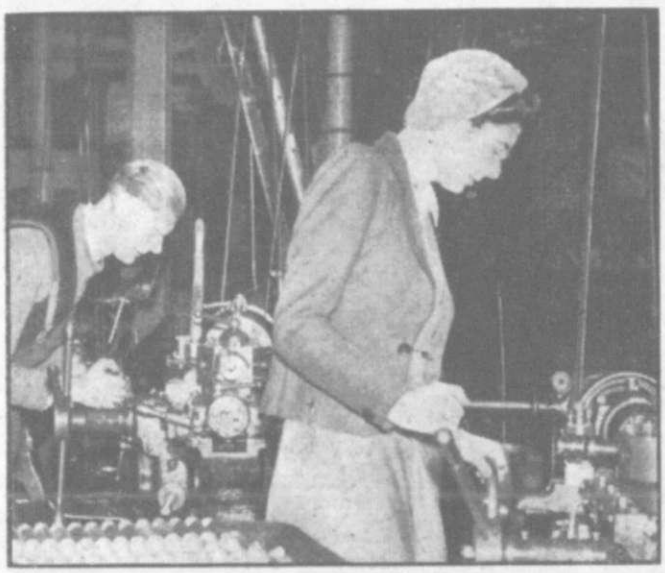
'SAFETY HAT' for women factory workers—the winning design in a £50 competition organized by Rootes of Piccadilly, to find a hat which women workers would wear. Of brown linen and netting, it protects the hair from machinery, while the peak obviates glare. Last year there were 179 scalping accidents in British factories. *Photo, G.P.U.*

AT the end of 1939 there were £555,000,000 in circulation; three years later, in Dec. 1942, the figure had grown by nearly £400 millions. In large measure this huge increase has been made necessary by the tremendous increase in employment. There are more people "gainfully employed" in this country than ever before in our history. Quite apart from the men and women in the Services, there are at least 18,000,000 men and women, youths and girls, working in civilian jobs. Unemployment has dropped to a mere fraction of what it was in the years between the Wars. From 1919 to 1939 there was never a year when there were fewer than a million registered unemployed, but the latest return of the Ministry of Labour showed that there were fewer than 95,000 persons wholly unemployed in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Thus for every worker receiving unemployment benefit there are 182 in employment. And what with wage increases and overtime their pay envelopes usually contain more money than three years ago.

Millions of New Coins

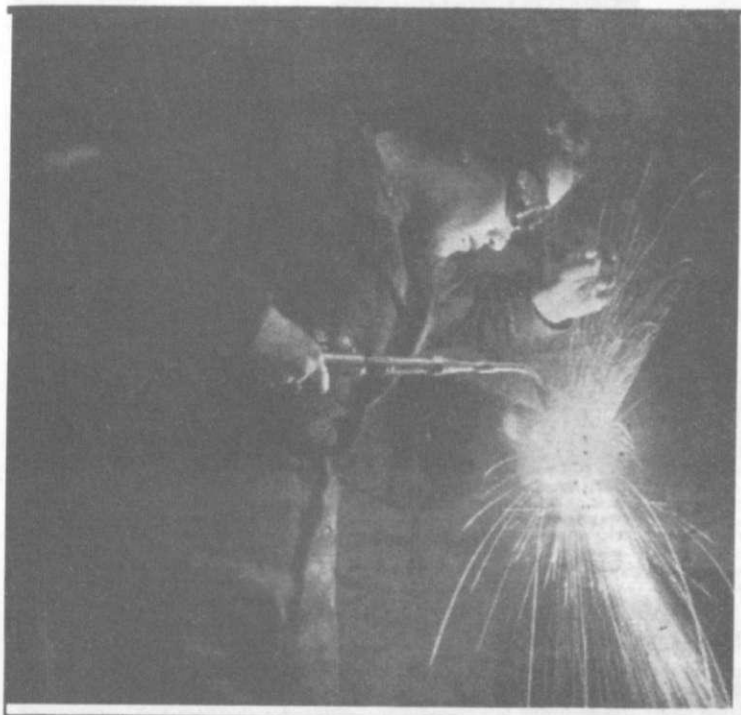
NOT only notes but coins are in big demand at the present time, affording yet further evidence of bumper employment among those classes of the community who receive their pay weekly in cash. Since the beginning of 1939 our metal money has increased by £20 millions, so that there is now more coinage in circulation than ever before. Yet there are reports that coins are scarce, particularly pennies. This is understandable, since in order to save 800 tons of copper a year for munitions, no new pennies have been struck since June 1940. True, many millions of pennies formerly locked up in automatic machines are now in constant circulation; but, on the other hand, millions more are immobilized in slot meters (since the gas and electricity companies are short of collectors to empty them as often as they used) or are kept in the tills of Service and civilian canteens. But the Royal Mint is not concerned overmuch. There are some 3,000,000,000 bronze coins in circulation, and 60 coppers a head of the total population *should* be enough!

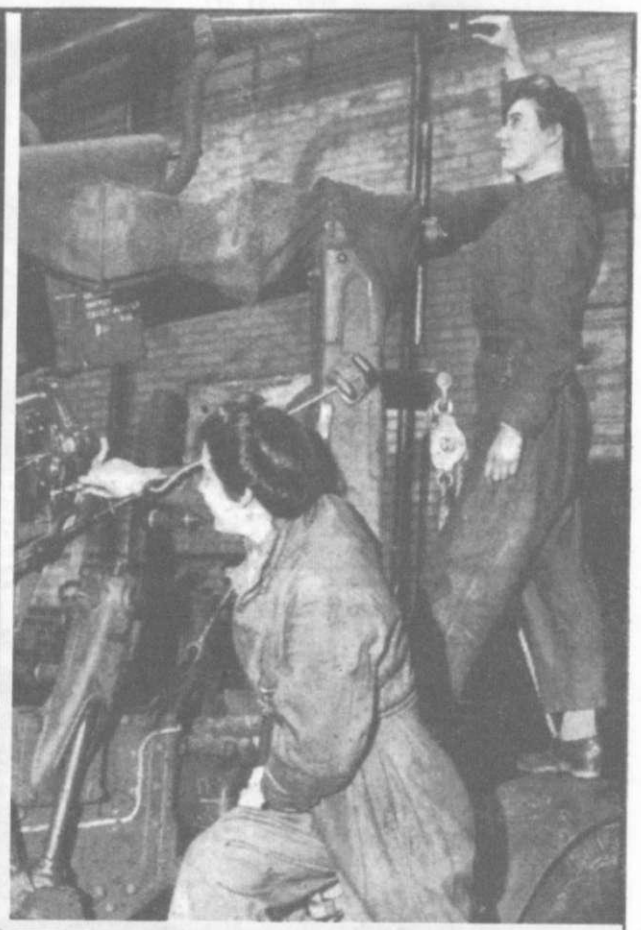
THEN there is the new threepenny-bit, of which over 60 million were minted in 1941; this is now a very popular coin, doubtless because of the dwindling purchasing-power of the penny. The War is responsible for the increased number of halfpennies and farthings that have been struck: think of the 1½d. minimum fare on London's transport and the odd farthings that appear in so many prices as a result of the Purchase Tax and the various rationing schemes. And another coin that owes much of its popularity to wartime needs is the two-shilling piece or florin: 24 million were issued in 1941.



TWO OF THE 18 MILLION. Never have there been so many people at work in Britain as now. Thousands of men and women have been drafted from less essential work into the armament factories. Above, Eileen Justice, aged 17, formerly a clerk, learns while she works beside her father at a London training centre for munition workers. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Guns & More Guns for Britain's Armies Overseas





IN A ROYAL ORDNANCE DEPOT, one of many now functioning in Britain, weapons of all calibres are being turned out for shipment overseas. These photographs were taken in the armaments section of one R.O. factory. Top left, welder at work in the machine-shop. All types of equipment are examined, stripped down, tested, built up again and crated for dispatch. Top right, A.T.S. girls getting ready 3·7 A.A. guns for breaking down. Below, some of these guns being prepared for dispatch.

Photos, Central Press

On the Record by Our Roving Camera

COMBINED OPERATIONS COMMAND has a new shoulder badge (above) incorporating an eagle (to symbolize the part played by the Americans), tommy-gun and anchor. Red on a blue ground, it is worn by sailors attached to Combined Operations, naval beach commando men, Royal Marines serving with the Command, R.A.F. officers and men trained for Combined Operations duties, and all soldiers working with the Command.

MR. H. MACMILLAN, M.P., Under-Secretary for the Colonies, whose appointment to the freshly-created post of Minister Resident at Allied Headquarters in N.W. Africa was announced on Dec. 30, 1942.

MR. W. S. MORRISON, M.C., K.C., M.P., new Minister-Designate for Town and Country Planning, had been Postmaster-General from 1940. He was Minister of Agriculture from 1936 to 1939.

MR. H. G. STRAUSS, M.P., who, also on Dec. 30, 1942, was appointed Parliamentary Secretary - Designate for Town and Country Planning. He is Chairman of Scapa and a member of the National Trust Executive.

A.T.S. GO OVERSEAS. Britain's armies abroad are making increasing demands on the mother country, and at home the ranks of the A.T.S. are experiencing changes as the result of many members of this efficient corps having been posted overseas. Above, A.T.S. girls with their equipment are shown during an inspection parade before they leave Britain. They are part of the largest A.T.S. contingent ever sent to "an Allied theatre of war."

COASTGUARDS on Britain's shores are doing splendid work. In addition to their ordinary duties they watch for enemy planes, surface ships and submarines approaching the coast. Here are two stalwart members photographed in front of their post.

'POTATO PETE'S XMAS FAIR,' organized by the Ministry of Food, attracted thousands of children (and parents) to Oxford Street, London, during Christmas 1942. Opened on Dec. 15, on the bombed site of Messrs. John Lewis, the fair covered 15,000 sq. ft., and was held under a huge marquee which protected it from the weather. The Fair, which included special features such as the "Tunnel of Surprises," the "Hall of Distorting Mirrors," a cinema, "Cookery Nook," and a "Sink-a-U-boat" shy, was completed within 14 days. Right, Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, photographed with "Potato Pete" himself.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Planet News, Howard Coster, Elliott & Fry, L.N.A., Topical Press

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

Our 80,000 Miles in the Triumphant Truant

Recently arrived at a base in Britain after an 80,000-mile cruise, lasting two and a half years, in the Mediterranean, Indian Ocean, and Java Sea, H.M. Submarine Truant has to her credit the sinking or damaging of more than 20 Axis ships. Something of her sensational story is told below by two of her officers.

As she came slowly alongside the depot ship she was displaying the skull-and-crossbones success flag of the submarine service. On the flag were four stars to indicate successful gun actions, and sixteen white bars—one for each ship torpedoed. Her exploits included : going into an enemy harbour on the surface, because it was too shallow to enter submerged ; getting stuck on the bottom and unable to move, while enemy destroyers steamed overhead searching for her ; running the gauntlet of Japanese destroyers when the Dutch East Indies fell ; sinking two out of three ships in a Japanese convoy. The Commanding Officer of H.M.S. Truant during all these exploits was Lt.-Commander H. A. V. Haggard, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., son of Admiral Sir Vernon Haggard, and a nephew of Rider Haggard, the novelist. He is 6 ft. 5 in. tall, being one of the tallest officers in the submarine service.

One of her early successes was a daylight gun action against an enemy ammunition ship which she blew to pieces. She carried out this action under fire from enemy coastal batteries on the North African coast less than half a mile away.

When the Truant was patrolling in the Adriatic she sighted an Italian convoy, crawling, as usual, up the coast within half a mile of the shore. The Truant went in to attack, and torpedoed a tanker. But she was so close inshore that, when she turned round to come out again, she grounded with only a few feet of water above her. The escorting destroyers, roused by the torpedoing, were thrashing up and down overhead.

"We sat with all our machinery shut off, keeping as quiet as we could," said Lieutenant K. S. Renshaw, D.S.O., R.N.R., torpedo officer of the submarine. "Each time a destroyer passed over us it sounded like an express train going through a station. Then, as the sounds died away, the Captain went ahead and astern to try to dislodge us. We felt our position very much.

"If a depth charge had been dropped anywhere near us it would have finished us for certain, and we must have been clearly visible from the air. After an hour the Captain managed to get the boat away and we cleared off."

British submarines have to work close inshore in enemy waters, but the Truant actually entered an enemy harbour on the surface—on the coast of Cyrenaica, which the Germans were using to supply Rommel's Army. It was too shallow for the submarine to enter submerged, so, at dusk one evening, she surfaced just outside the entrance and steamed in. Because of the tricky entrance due to sandbanks it was impossible to make the attempt in the dark.

When she got inside she fired two torpedoes at a ship alongside the quay. Although they passed under the ship they damaged the quay. To get out again Truant had to back and reverse. The harbour was so small she could not get round in one turn. While manoeuvring, she came within a few yards of the ship she had tried to torpedo, but she had so surprised the enemy that she was able to get away without a shot being fired. One man appeared on deck and shouted at her. Lt.-Commander Haggard shouted back, waved and disappeared into the growing darkness.

In May 1941, after nearly a year patrolling in the Mediterranean, the Truant went to the United States for refit, but she was back again on her old hunting grounds in October. Then in January 1942 she was ordered to Singapore. Before she arrived Singapore fell, and she was diverted to the Dutch East Indies. She operated from Sourabaya with Dutch submarines until the Japanese invasion. Just before the port was captured she sailed for Colombo. She had to pass through the Sunda Straits, which were heavily patrolled by Japanese destroyers. She made the passage by night and was attacked constantly. There were over half-a-dozen separate depth charge attacks, but she got through all right. From March to September she operated in the region of the Malacca Straits. One night the Japanese thought they had got her.

"The night was pitch black," said Lieutenant C. A. J. Nicoll, R.N., the First Lieutenant, "and we suddenly saw a dark object very close. A searchlight flicked on and caught us right in its glare. It completely blinded us and we did a crash dive. Depth charges started to explode round us. I counted twenty. Some of them were pretty close.

"We switched off all machinery and lay as quietly as we could. There was dead silence in the boat. After half an hour things calmed down and we were able to creep away. When we got back to port we read in the papers a Tokyo communiqué claiming to have sunk two submarines. It must have been us—both times ! "

Actually, Truant lived to sink two out of three supply ships in a Japanese convoy. She torpedoed them on a moonlight night.

Gona Beach Was Strewn With Japanese Dead

Gona, one of the Japanese strongholds in Papua, was stormed by the Australians on December 9, 1942. When the victors entered the village a horrible scene met their eyes. This grim account was cabled from New Guinea by The Times Special Correspondent the same day.

I ARRIVED at Gona in the early afternoon. There were fantastic scenes in the village. It was littered with Japanese dead in every stage of decomposition, some newly killed, others already skeletons in uniforms and helmets. The Japanese had made no effort to bury their dead, and the stench was nauseating.

I noticed the corpse of a Japanese soldier who had pointed a rifle at his head and had then pulled the trigger with his toe. Other bodies were washed by waves on the beach. Many Japanese last night took to the water and tried to swim out to a wreck off the shore. They were betrayed by phosphorescence in the water and were picked off by our riflemen.

The western part of the village was a scene of complete devastation. There were craters made by bombs, by 25-pounder shells and mortar shells. Some Japanese trucks and Australian bicycles captured by the Japanese and one ammunition carrier were burnt out and fretted by bullets.

The buildings of the Gona mission had been razed to the ground. Japanese dead lay in craters. The tops of coconut palms had been lopped off by shells. Their bark was pitted, and the fibre was beginning to break out like horsehair from an old sofa. Only the white cross of the Gona mission remained unscathed, as if to underline this desolate scene. And behind the trunks of palms there stretched the peaceful vista of this beautiful Papuan coastline.

The Japanese had strong dug-in positions on the beach at Bast and among the roots of some huge, gnarled trees which overhang the shore. Two hundred and fifty yards from the beach there was a perimeter of outposts well dug in and roofed, with excellent fields of fire. Communication trenches joined the various posts. It was a system of defence based on mutual support. Whenever our men attacked one post they came under fire from others. Snipers used to hide in the tops of trees. Before making an attack we would

H.M.S. TRUANT, as recounted in this page, flew the skull-and-crossbones as she came alongside her depot ship on her return home after 2½ years' absence. This photo shows a group of her officers and men proudly displaying their "victory" flag. The white bars indicate ships sunk, the stars successful fights. *Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright*

always comb the trees with Bren-guns and fire several hundred rounds into them.

What prompted the Japanese to make this desperate suicidal bid for freedom? They had masses of rice in straw bales, plenty of ammunition, and an abundance of medical supplies and they could easily obtain water by sinking a well. Undoubtedly conditions were becoming so bad that even the Japanese could not endure them. Small wonder that they had been seen wearing gas masks.

Moreover, our encircling ring had been gradually closing in on them. Two days ago they were dive-bombed again. Yesterday 25-pounders pumped 300 shells into them and our infantry made further important gains; our troops attacked from the east along the beach, and gained about 50 yards. Last night the Japanese garrison attempted to break through to the east. This morning in front of every post there was a pile of Japanese dead. Others lay in the long grass and scrub, armed with hand grenades. They were mopped up during the morning, and our troops secured the entire length of beach.

Even so Japanese resistance continued. A small group of wounded Japanese fought from a patch of timber 200 yards from the beach. They rejected an invitation to surrender and were killed to the last man. Only at 5 o'clock were the Australian troops on the beach joined by their fellows who had advanced through wooded country from the south, combing the undergrowth for Japanese.

SIGNPOST AT KOKODA, pointing in the direction of Oivi and Buna, was a welcome sight to the Allied forces when they entered Kokoda on Nov. 2, 1942. A description of the fighting round Gona, one of the last enemy strongholds in New Guinea, is given in this and the preceding page.
Photo, Sport & General

Among the interesting trophies which have fallen into our hands were Samurai swords of Japanese officers and a small package containing many envelopes, each holding nail clippings, a piece of hair, and the name and address of a dead Japanese soldier. The Japanese were carrying paper notes, printed by the Japanese army, in rupees, Straits dollars, guilders, pounds, pesetas, and other currencies. Rarely has a victory been more hardly fought for. Every foot of Gona and its surroundings has been fiercely contested. Small cemeteries of Australian dead along the beach testify to the cost of victory.

I Found Both Gaiety and Gloom in Chungking

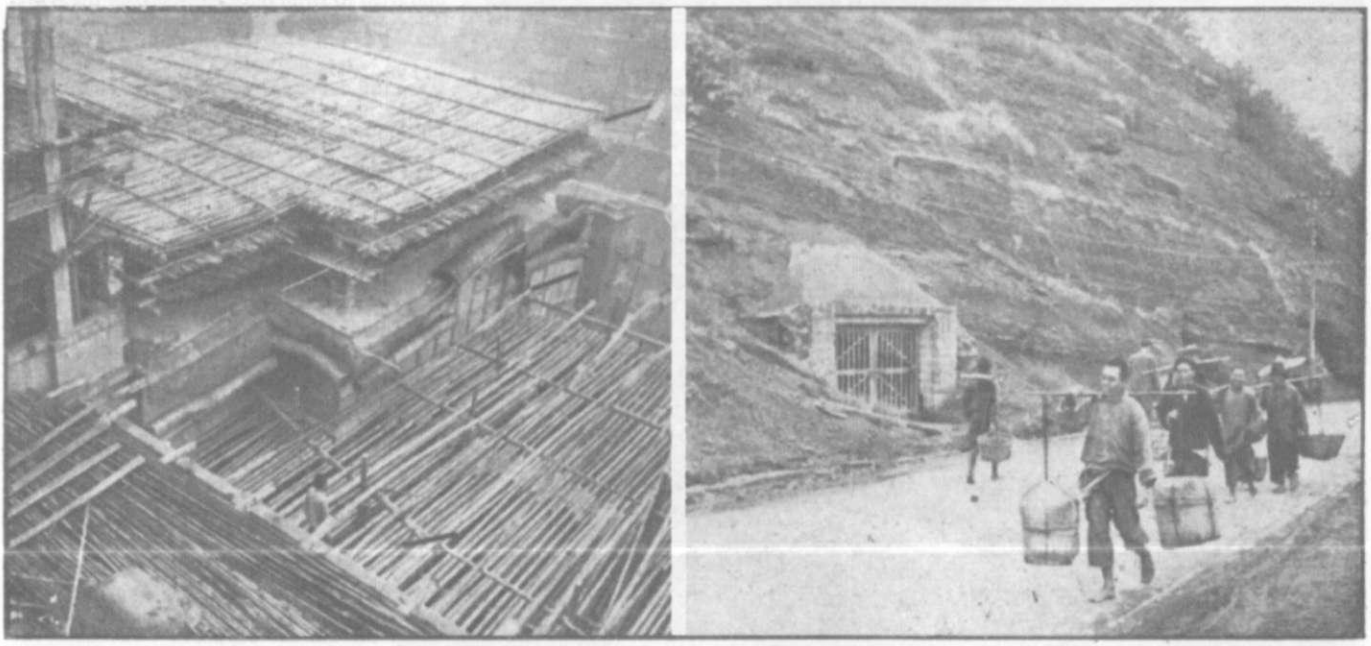
No city has suffered such continuous bombing as Chungking, yet its people can still smile. The following description is condensed from two articles contributed to The Daily Telegraph by Martin Moore, its Special Correspondent in the capital of Free China.

CHUNGKING is the gayest and gloomiest place I have ever visited. Gaiety is in the faces and bearing of the people. Gloom is in the grim, grey, shattered city, a ruined slum rising on steep cliffs above the confluence of two muddy rivers. Over Chungking hangs a leaden sky. Only twice in the past three weeks has the sun shone.

Europe can show no devastation to compare with that to be seen in Chungking. Coventry and Rotterdam have had more shattering raids, but no city has suffered such continuous punishment as China's wartime capital. It has been destroyed piecemeal, not once but several times. One of its raid alarms lasted day and night for two weeks, during which the "All Clear" was never sounded.

Some of its buildings have been destroyed and rebuilt four and five times. Because of the likelihood that there will have to be a sixth and seventh reconstruction they have not been re-erected with any idea of permanence. Such brick buildings as remained repairable have almost all been taken over by military and Government bodies. The better dwelling houses are of mud and bamboo, roofed with thatch. Tens of thousands of people are living in homes that are a patchwork of salvaged timber and matting.

The streets were shattered with the houses, and though main thoroughfares have been repaved many are only tracks of trodden earth which turns to ankle-deep mud after a shower. The infrequent motor-buses, running on vegetable oil, are yet frequent enough to keep the windless air constantly heavy with the sickly odour of their exhaust. There are no trams and no taxis. The few cars to be



CHUNGKING, China's wartime capital and headquarters of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, has suffered terribly from Japanese bombers. As recounted in the accompanying article, some of the city's buildings have been repeatedly rebuilt. Left, the roof of an office-block being covered with layers of bamboo. This ingenious construction lessens the impact of bombs. Right, an entrance to one of the fine air-raid shelters on the city's outskirts. These tunnels have been drilled into the solid rock of Chungking's cliffs.
Photos, Planet News

BUILT UPON ROCK, and standing at the junction of the Kia-ling-ho with the Yang-tse-Kiang, Chungking had a pre-war population of about 425,000. As told in this page, even the most savage raids by the Japanese were unable to crush Chungking's heroic spirit. Here is shown a general view of the steeply-built city. *Photo, Planet News*

seen belong to Government officials or foreign diplomats.

Most people walk. The alternative is some aged rickshaw, its parts tied together with bits of string and wire. Rickshaws are expensive, and a few fares a day enable a coolie to earn as much as a university professor. Many of Chungking's roads are too steep for a rickshaw, and the conveyance is a litter, carried by two coolies.

The most remarkable feature of the Chinese capital is its famous system of air-raid shelters. The hillsides are honeycombed with tunnels, which can accommodate the entire population. The 39-year-old Mayor, Mr. K. C. Wu, who is head of the A.R.P. organization, showed me round one of the largest of these dugouts, where 6,000 people sit in perfect safety, with 100 ft. of solid rock between them and the Japanese bombs. The cave has three entrances as well as a ventilating shaft, through which electric fans draw fresh air. Every resident in the locality has his appointed place in the tunnel, and there is a special section for passers-by or strangers. A long-range warning system gives people several hours' notice of impending attack, so there is no excuse for anyone not to go to his proper place in his own shelter.

Mr. Wu told me that while there are half-a-dozen of these huge shelters, the later policy has been to dig smaller caves accommodating 500 people. Even the smallest has two entrances, because in the early raids on Chungking debris often blocked the doors and people were imprisoned until a way could be dug through. Apart from these public shelters, most offices and Government departments have their own dugouts. Altogether there are about 700 tunnelled into the hillside.

LIKE London, Chungking has had a long respite. It is more than a year since it had its last air raid. But, though danger is not imminent, and may never come again, the A.R.P. organization with its 20,000 volunteers is kept in a state of constant readiness. At an hour's notice bakeries can be turned on to produce millions of special "iron ration" cakes in case the city's population should be confined for days on end in the shelters.

In the main street of Chungking one day I saw a man riding a bicycle—a rare treasure he was lucky to possess. He ran over a brick and the bicycle frame snapped in two. In a country where a second-hand bicycle costs the equivalent of £50 to £100 this was more than a misfortune. It was a tragedy. Yet the gathering crowd laughed—and no one laughed more heartily than the victim as he picked himself up out of the mud.

That scene seemed to typify the new China. Devastation and want and war hang over her like Chungking's unlifting cloud, but underneath she is smiling.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

DEC. 21, 1942, Monday *1,206th day*

Air.—R.A.F. heavy bombers raided Munich by night.

Libya.—Axis bombers raided Benghazi.

Australasia.—U.S. tanks in action against strong-points at Buna.

DEC. 22, Tuesday *1,207th day*

Air.—R.A.F. fighters made night attacks on railway targets in N. France.

India.—Enemy raids in Calcutta area by day and night.

Burma.—R.A.F. and U.S. bombers raided Akyab and Rangoon.

DEC. 23, Wednesday *1,208th day*

Mediterranean.—Announced that large convoy had reached Malta safely.

Pacific.—Heavy U.S. raid on Japanese-occupied Wake Island.

DEC. 24, Thursday *1,209th day*

Russian Front.—New Soviet offensive launched in Central Caucasus.

India.—Another Jap raid on Calcutta.

Burma.—Two enemy attempts to retake positions in Arakan were repelled.

Australasia.—Announced that minesweeper H.M.A.S. Armidale sunk near Timor by enemy air action.

General.—Admiral Darlan fatally shot at Algiers.

DEC. 25, Friday *1,210th day*

N. Africa.—Heavy fighting, involving units of the Guards, for hill N.E. of Medjez-el-Bab.

Libya.—Eighth Army occupied Sirte.

Australasia.—U.S. Fortresses from Guadalcanal bombed shipping at Rabaul.

DEC. 26, Saturday *1,211th day*

Sea.—Announced that destroyers Fame and Viscount, Norwegian ship Acanthus and other escort ships sank two U-boats and damaged several others in four-day attack on Atlantic convoy.

N. Africa.—French forces repulsed enemy attack at Pichon, Tunisia.

Libya.—Fighting French forces from Chad in contact with enemy in the Fezzan.

Russian Front.—In Middle Don Russians occupied Tarasovka and penetrated into the Ukraine.

Burma.—R.A.F. long-range bombers attacked Jap aerodrome at Heho.

U.S.A.—Lightning fighters raided Kiska.

General.—Gen. Giraud succeeded Adm. Darlan as High Commissioner in French N. Africa.

DEC. 27, Sunday *1,212th day*

Russian Front.—S.W. of Stalingrad Soviet troops captured rly. stns. of Zhutovo and Chilekov.

Siam.—U.S. bombers raided Bangkok.

Australasia.—Flying Fortresses and Liberators bombed Rabaul, wrecking four large Jap ships. Lightning fighters in action over Papua for first time.

DEC. 28, Monday *1,213th day*

N. Africa.—Tunis and Susa bombed by Allied aircraft from Libya.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops occupied Chertkovo on Middle Don front.

Australasia.—Jap warships off New Guinea bombarded Buna village.

General.—French Somaliland adhered to United Nations as part of Fighting France.

DEC. 29, Tuesday *1,214th day*

N. Africa.—Announced that our troops had withdrawn from hills N.E. of Medjez-el-Bab.

Russian Front.—Kotelnikovo, on Stalingrad-Novorossisk railway, captured by Russians.

DEC. 30, Wednesday *1,215th day*

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers made daylight raid on submarine base at Lorient.

Mediterranean.—Heavy allied raid on aerodrome at Heraklion, Crete.

Australasia.—Allied raids on Munda and Rekata Bay in Solomons and Lae in New Guinea.

U.S.A.—American bombers again raided Kiska.

DEC. 31, Thursday *1,216th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that in naval engagement in northern waters, enemy cruiser and destroyer were damaged.

Air.—R.A.F. raided W. Germany.

N. Africa.—Allied aircraft bombed Sfax, Susa and Gabès; enemy bombers raided Casablanca.

Libya.—Fighting French from Chad routed enemy motorized column in the Fezzan. French planes bombed enemy aerodrome near Murzuk.

Burma.—R.A.F. raided aerodrome at Shwebo and port of Akyab.

JAN. 1, 1943, Friday *1,217th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of destroyer Blean.

N. Africa.—Tunis raided by Allied aircraft; enemy raid on Bône.

Mediterranean.—Large-scale Allied air attack on Crete by night; Palermo also bombed.

Russian Front.—Veliki Luki on the Central front and Elista, S. of Stalingrad, occupied by Soviet troops.

Australasia.—U.S. dive-bombers raid Jap H.Q. on Guadalcanal.

JAN. 2, Saturday *1,218th day*

Sea.—Enemy blockade runner in Atlantic intercepted and scuttled.

N. Africa.—Heavy Allied air attacks on La Goulette, Susa and Sfax; enemy bombers twice raided Bône.

Mediterranean.—British and U.S. aircraft made first daylight raid on Crete.

Australasia.—Allied troops occupied Buna mission. Heavy bombers attacked Jap armada at Rabaul.

JAN. 3, Sunday *1,219th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of corvette Snapdragon.

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers attacked St. Nazaire. R.A.F. bombed Ruhr by night.

N. Africa.—Enemy attack on French troops in Tunisia repulsed.

Russian Front.—Mozdok and Malgobek in Caucasus captured by Soviet troops.

Australasia.—Flying Fortresses raided Jap shipping at Rabaul and new Jap airfield at Munda.

Home Front.—Raid on Isle of Wight caused fatal casualties.

JAN. 4, Monday *1,220th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of destroyer Firedrake.

Air.—R.A.F. again raided the Ruhr.

Russian Front.—Nalchik, in the Caucasus, and Chernyshkovsky, S.W. of Stalingrad, captured by Russians.

Burma.—R.A.F. and U.S. aircraft bombed railway yards at Mandalay.

Australasia.—Allied air attacks on Lae and Gasmata.

JAN. 5, Tuesday *1,221st day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced sinking of another blockade-runner in Atlantic.

N. Africa.—British units drove enemy from high ground W. of Mateur. Announced that Canadian troops had arrived in N. Africa.

Libya.—Eighth Army at Buerat, 60 m. W. of Sirte.

Russian Front.—Prokhladnaya, rly. junction W. of Mozdok, and Tsimlyanskaya on Don front occupied by Russians.

Australasia.—Nine Jap ships sunk at Rabaul by Allied bombers. U.S. warships bombarded Jap airfield at Munda, New Georgia.

★ Flash-backs ★

1940

December 23. *Greeks announced capture of Chimara.*

December 29. *Night fire raid on City of London: Guildhall and other famous buildings destroyed.*

1941

December 22. *Japanese launched major attack on Philippines.*

December 24. *Japanese captured Wake Island in the Pacific.*

Eighth Army entered Benghazi.

December 25. *Hong Kong garrison surrendered to Japanese.*

December 27. *Commando raid on Norwegian island of Vaagso.*

December 30. *Kaluga, on Moscow front, recaptured by Russians.*

1942

January 2. *Eighth Army took Bardia. Manila and Cavite, in Philippines, occupied by Japanese.*

Editor's Postscript

ON the whole, although recently there has been a renewal of censorious criticism of the British censorship, my own feeling is that for the last three years or so it has worked very efficiently. It is notorious that the abuse of censorship by the French military authorities contributed substantially to the collapse of France in the lowering of public morale; and so far as I can gather, the American censorship is not being handled so efficiently as the British. Naturally, there are occasions when one might well be irritated by official decisions for which no sound reason can be discerned. Only a week or two back a very instructive broadcast on the European News Service, which I greatly wished to print in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, was vetoed by the Naval censorship, although the B.B.C. most courteously put it at our service. I am still unable to determine why some information that was officially supplied to and broadcast by the B.B.C. to some millions of listeners, could not be reprinted in our pages without danger to the State. Equally I cannot see that the reproduction of a number of significant quotations from Continental journals, copies of which are certainly filed in Dr. Goebbels' Berlin bureau, could prove a source of danger to the Allies' war effort; but although I have had my attention drawn to this officially under a certain regulation I am still uncomplaining, realizing as I do that there may be some hidden danger which an alert censorship might detect that would be less obvious to those of us who are guided by nothing better than common sense.

TALKING of common sense, I bought at a bookstall the other day a copy of Irish Freedom, a monthly publication printed in Derbyshire and published in London, although so far as I could gather from a glance through this 8-page newspaper, it is devoted to the cause of a "united Ireland"—in other words, a separate or completely non-British Ireland—and a cartoon on its front page would seem to suggest that the means of achieving the union lies with the Irish workers; that is to say, the friendly industrial north is to shake hands with the unfriendly agricultural south and bring the whole distressful island under the benign rule of—Mr. de Valera! This newspaper performs at least one good office, so far as I can judge, in proving that at a time when Great Britain and Northern Ireland are fighting for their way of life against an implacable enemy, and Eire is the one scrap of the British Commonwealth not actively assisting in that fight, British toleration allows this propaganda sheet to appear regularly, placing British transport at its service for paper supply and distribution. Meanwhile, there is a strict censorship of all war news. Even news reels illustrating the achievements of British forces in the world fight for freedom—Irish freedom as well as British and American, Russian and Chinese—are subject to censorship and suppression in the freedom-loving south of Ireland!

THE recent festive season (if such a phrase may still be used) raised afresh the question of tipping. A friend of mine who never, never tips "on principle," for he alleges it is a degrading habit—unlike mercy, it degradeth him that gives and him that takes!—was holding forth against it at a Christmas dinner. With far more experience of the practice, I demurred. Even paying 15 per cent for service on hotel bills does not solve the matter, as out of the total accruing for division, some of it goes to members of the staff who have never done you any service. So I take the risk of degrading those whom I have found especially helpful by tipping them individually despite the 15 per cent impost. Why not? When I hand a specialist £3 3s. for examining my eyes and telling me there's really nothing wrong with them, or give a porter a shilling for carrying my suitcase from the train to the taxi, I am giving something for service rendered, and I am sure the ophthalmist is no more conscious of being degraded in the act than is the porter.

BUT tipping should be reasonable—neither too much nor too little. In a "luxury" restaurant the other night I took note of the couples dining on each side of me. The gentleman on the left, a "regular," left two sixpences on his plate—"sixpence a head," the meanest conceivable tip; and he on my right, a "casual," left two half-crowns; far too much. Half-a-crown is adequate where the total bill, drinks included, is somewhere about a pound and less than thirty shillings. In these days of grossly inflated prices for drinks there is no occasion to step up tips in accord with the total bill; the viands have not gone up excessively, and a waiter does no heavier work in serving a bottle of wine at 25s. (pre-War 8s. 6d.) than a bottle of lemonade at 1s. 6d. But those who grouse about tipping "on principle" always leave me with the feeling that they want to give the least possible reward for a service they are the readiest to command.

HERE is one of those innumerable little incidents that find no record in the newspapers, yet speak eloquently for the British temperament that has made this little island of ours the real bulwark of liberty in withstanding the aggression of power-mad tyrants and their dupes. In a certain town where an air raid took considerable toll of life and did some material damage recently, while the rescue parties were still at work among the dusty ruins a queue was forming for the cinema within sight of the bomb craters! The urge of life is strong enough in most European peoples to produce a measure of stoicism in face of danger and death; with the Japanese their willingness to die for their god-emperor would probably minimize the celerity of their collapse under bombing; but on the other hand their populous cities are so largely made of inflammable material that their destruction, when once the Allies set about it, will be so complete that in that fine Bismarckian phrase the inhabitants will be left only their eyes to weep with! No other race among our enemies more richly deserves that fate, and no race would more wholeheartedly approve it than Bismarck's countrymen, who for the moment are profiting from their unnatural alliance with non-Aryans—always provided, of course, that the Hun was no longer able to use the Jap to his own ends.

AMONG the latest gems from the brain-box of the B.B.C. which I have accidentally picked up or heard about are Chile, pronounced to rhyme with guile, Ek-you-aye-dor for Ecuador (properly pronounced Ekwadór) and Tok-eye-o for a well-known city in far Japan, which five minutes later was given its familiar pronunciation by Mr. John Morris in a brilliant description of the Japanese. Mr. Morris's broadcast was one of the best I have listened to: he ought to be able to write an extremely valuable book on Japan from the intimate knowledge he gained during his years as a professor at the Bunrika University, Tokyo. I have had so much and such rarely broken disappointment as a listener-in through 1942 that I have practically given up switching on anything but the nine o'clock news, and limit myself to the more important broadcasts.

I AM often surprised at the omissions in quite pretentious atlases and know only too well how easily these occur; but I happened to turn to an atlas produced since the start of the War and issued by a certain "national daily" in which the total space devoted to the northern part of Tunisia is less than a half-inch square; neither the name nor the "town stamp" of Bizerta is given. The compilers were evidently lacking in vision, as the work contains only a few scraps of the Mediterranean area from which it is impossible to gather any idea of the extent or shore lines of the region in which the Second Front of 1942 had to be opened.

FAMOUS FIGHTERS OF THE R.A.F.

WING CMDR. B. ('PADDY') FINUCANE, D.S.O., D.F.C., 21-year-old fighter ace and victor of 32 air combats, whose death was announced on July 17, 1942, was one of Britain's most daring airmen. A brief account of his career is given in p. 104 of this volume.
Drawn by Captain Cuthbert Orde; Crown Copyright reserved.

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